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HYMNS.









HYMNS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SELECTED BY

THE HON. AND REV. JOHN T. PELHAM, B.A.,
RECTOR OF ST. MARYLEBONE, HON. CANON OF NORWICH, AND
CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.



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HYMNS.

MORNING.

- 1 **A**LL praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design or do or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
- 2 **O** TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restor'd to life, to pow'r and thought.
- 2 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us as we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiv'n,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heav'n.
- 3 Only, O Lord, in Thy great love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and ev'ry day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

HYMNS.

- 3 **O**PEN thine eyes, my soul, and see
The light of day restor'd to thee ;
And lift thine heart and choose the way
Thou mean'st to travel through the day.
- 2 Think of the dangers thou may'st meet,
And watch with care thy sliding feet ;
Think where thou once hast fall'n before,
And mark the place, and fall no more.
- 3 Think of the helps thy God bestows,
And cast to steer thy course by those :
Think of the comfort thou didst feel
When thou didst well, and do so still.
- 4 Guard Thou, O Lord, my daily course :
Draw me with love's constraining force ;
Still may I walk, and heav'n-ward tend
By Christ the way, to Thee mine end.
- 4 **M**Y God, how endless is Thy love,
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Again Thy word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual mercies from Thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMNS.

- 5 **C**HRIST, whose glory fills the skies ;
Christ, the true and only light ;
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, impart
Light to cheer my clouded heart :
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unenlighten'd, Lord, by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy bright'ning beams we see :
Till those bright'ning beams impart
Light to cheer my clouded heart.
- 3 Visit, Lord, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Scatter with Thy rays divine
All the mists of unbelief ;
Day-spring from on high, impart
Light to cheer my clouded heart.

EVENING.

- 6 **G**UARD me, O Thou gracious Saviour,
Through the perils of the night :
May Thy presence and Thy favour,
Turn my darkness into light.
- 2 Whether waking, Lord, or sleeping,
May my thoughts be still with Thee :
Take me to Thy care and keeping,
Watch, preserve, and comfort me.

HYMNS.

- 7 **S**UN of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.
- 8 **T**HRO' the day Thy love hath spared us ;
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us ;
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Jesus, now our Guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
In Thine arms may we repose,
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

HYMNS.

- 9 **G**OD of my life, with grateful heart,
My ev'ning song I raise ;
But O Thy thousand, thousand gifts
Exceed my highest praise.
- 2 What shall I render for the care
Which me this day has kept ?
A thankful heart is all I have,
And that Thou wilt accept.
- 3 What sins and follies, holy God,
I may this day have done,
I would confess with grief, and pray
For pardon through Thy Son.
- 10 **H**EAR me, O God, when near Thy throne
My earnest cries ascend ;
I plead Thy righteousness alone,
And on Thy grace depend.
- 2 Oft has that grace enlarg'd my heart,
Distress'd with anxious care :
Again Thy mercy, Lord, impart ;
Again regard my prayer :
- 3 When night's dark shades are round me spread,
My ways I would rehearse,
In silent stillness on my bed,
And with my heart converse :
- 4 Safe in Thy shelt'ring care I trust
To sleep, my weary eyes :
And safe in death, my slumb'ring dust
Shall rest, again to rise.

HYMNS.

- 11 **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light !
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live—that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die—that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ADVENT.

- 12 **N**OTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away,
But we know the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day,
When the Saviour will return,
And his people cease to mourn.

HYMNS.

- 2 O what sacred joys await them :
They shall see the Saviour then :
Those who now oppose and hate him,
Never can oppose again.
Brethren ! let us think of this :
All is ours if we are his.
- 3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Be it ours his word to keep ;
Let our lamps be always burning,
Let us watch while others sleep :
Be no longer of the night,
Walk as children of the light.
- 13 **H**ARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
The welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

HYMNS.

14 **L**O, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train !
Hallelujah !
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
They who set at nought, and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air.
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear !

4 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine exalted throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own !
O come quickly !
Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

15 **A**ND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise :
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?

HYMNS.

- 2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before his face
 Astonish'd, shrink away ?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead ;
 Hark, from the Gospel's gentle voice,
 What joyful tidings read :
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And seek salvation there.
- 16 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set Thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee !
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art,
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born Thy people to deliver ;
 Born a child, and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us for ever ;
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring !
 By Thine own Eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne !

HYMNS.

- 17 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took his seat above :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
To Christ the Lord are given :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 18 **J**ESUS, immortal King, display
Thine arm of strength, and win the day ;
Now let Thy foes astonish'd flee,
And leave a conquer'd world to Thee.

HYMNS.

- 2 Gird on Thy thigh Thy conqu'ring sword,
Victorious King, most mighty Lord :
Finish the work Thou hast begun,
And let Thy will on earth be done.
- 3 Hark, how the hosts triumphant sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King.
Let all his saints rejoice at this :
The kingdoms of the world are his.

CHRISTMAS.

- 19 WHILE watchful shepherds kept their
flock,
Amidst the silent night,
The angel of the Lord came down
Before their troubl'd sight.
- 2 " Fear not," he said ; " for, lo, to you
" I bring a joyful word ;
" This day is born in Bethlehem,
" A Saviour, Christ the Lord!
- 3 " Go, see the babe, not like a prince
" In costly pomp array'd ;
" But meanly wrapt in swaddling clothes,
" And in a manger laid."
- 4 While thus he spake, around him shone
A glorious heav'nly throng
Of angels praising God, and this
The burden of their song:
- 5 " All glory be to God on high ;
" On earth be love and peace ;
" Good-will, henceforth, from God to men
" Begin, and never cease."

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84, PATERNOSTER-L.

HYMNS.

22 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,—
Christ, the everlasting Lord,—
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace;
Hail the Sun of Righteousness;
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

6 Lo! He lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

HYMNS.

- 23 **I**N heav'n the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept each sounding lyre.
- 2 The theme, the song, the joy, was new
To each angelic tongue :
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.
- 3 Down through the portals of the sky,
The pealing anthem ran ;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 4 Hark ! through the heaven is heard their shout,
" Glory to God " the song ;
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.
- 5 With joy the chorus we repeat—
" Glory to God on high !
Goodwill and peace are now complete—
Jesus is born to die."
- 6 Hail ! Prince of Life ! for ever hail !
Redeemer ! Brother ! Friend !
Though life, and earth, and time, must fail,
Thy praise shall never end.
- 24 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

HYMNS.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise will crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 5 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.
- 25 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes ;
And join th' angelic throng ;
For angels no such love have known,
To wake a cheerful song.
- 2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given ;
For, lo, th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.
- 3 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

HYMNS.

EPIPHANY.

26 **H**AIL! Thou source of every blessing,
Sov'reign Father of mankind!
Gentiles, now Thy grace possessing,
In Thy courts admission find. ~
Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In Thy Church obtain a place,
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

2 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne,
In Thy covenant united,
Reconcil'd, redeem'd, made one.
Now reveal'd to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine,
Mystery hid in former ages;
Mystery great of love Divine.

3 Hail, Thou universal Saviour!
Gentiles now their off'rings bring,
In Thy temple seek Thy favour,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King:
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise!

27 **S**ONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

HYMNS.

- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear !
Haste ! for Him your hearts prepare ;
Meet Him manifested there.
- 4 Sing, ye morning stars, again,
God descends to dwell with men,
Deigns for man his life t'employ ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.
- 28 SING to the Lord in joyful strains,
His glorious praise resound,
Ye, who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.
- 2 O City of the Lord, begin
The universal song,
And let the distant tribes of earth
The cheerful notes prolong.
- 3 Let the rude wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice ;
Behold the Day-spring from on high,
And in its light rejoice.
- 4 Let ev'ry land, and tribe, and tongue,
Jehovah's glory raise ;
Till all the earth, with one accord,
Unite to sing his praise.

HYMNS.

29 **B**RIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

3 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given !
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

LENT.

30 **B**Y Thy birth and early years ;
By Thy griefs, and sighs, and tears ;
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness ;
By Thy vict'ries in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's pow'r ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry :

2 By Thy woe intensely great,
Agony, and bloody sweat ;
By Thy robe and crown of scorn,
Rudely offer'd, meekly worn ;
By the scandal and the shame
Cast upon Thy honour'd name ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry :

HYMNS.

- 3 By Thy passion, cross, and cries ;
By Thy perfect sacrifice ;
By Thy power from death to save ;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave ;
Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
Giver of the Holy Ghost ;
Look on us with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry.
- 31 O COME, Thou wounded Lamb of God !
Come, wash us in Thy cleansing blood ;
Give us to know Thy love ; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee ;
Seal Thou our breasts, and let us wear
Thy pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How can it be, Thou Heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst man to glory bring ?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
And deck them with a glorious crown ?
- 4 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stammering tongue to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 5 First-born of many brethren Thou !
To Thee both earth and heaven must bow ;
Help us to Thee our all to give ;
Thine may we die ; Thine may we live.

HYMNS.

32 O LORD, turn not Thy face away from
them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life with tears
and bitter cry ;
Thy mercy gates are open wide to them
that mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord ! but
let us enter in.

2 We need not to confess our fault, for
surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest, Lord, full well ;
Wherefore to beg and to entreat with
tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss fall
at their father's knee.

3 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat the
blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know before we speak
the thing that we would have ?
Mercy, O Lord ! mercy we seek :—this
is the total sum :
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;—
O let Thy mercy come !

33 HOW blest the man with mercy crown'd,
Whose sins have all forgiveness found ;
Whose deep transgressions, cover'd o'er
With pard'ning blood, are seen no more.

HYMNS.

- 2 How blest the man to whom the Lord
Doth his own righteousness afford ;
Whom mercy clears from ev'ry sin ;
Whose heart conceals no guile within.
- 3 I said, " My sins I will confess,
And seek his grace and righteousness."
Scarce had my heart the thought conceiv'd,
When God my anxious fears reliev'd.
- 4 O boundless grace, the rich display
Shall teach the trembling lips to pray ;
And contrite souls with godly fear,
Shall plead, while mercy waits to hear.

34 **A**LMIGHTY Father ! God of grace !
We all, like sheep astray,
In folly from thy paths have turn'd,
Each to his sinful way.

- 2 Sins of omission and of act
Through all our lives abound :
Alas ! in thought, and word, and deed,
No health in us is found !
- 3 O spare us, Lord, in mercy spare ;
Our contrite souls restore,
Through Him who suffer'd on the cross,
And our transgressions bore !
- 4 And grant, O Father, for his sake,
That we, through all our days,
A just and godly life may lead,
To Thine eternal praise !

HYMNS.

35 **O**UT of the depths of misery,
Lord, I lift up my cry to Thee :
My flesh is weak, my spirits faint :
Hear, Lord, the voice of my complaint.

2 If Thou should'st mark iniquities,
And all our sins and trespasses,
Lord, who shall stand ? the sons of men
Shall plead before their Judge in vain.

3 But fly, ye shades of dark despair,
Sweet sounds of mercy reach mine ear :
There is forgiveness with my God,
And Jesus bears the sinner's load :

4 His grace my drooping heart shall cheer,
And move to watchfulness and fear ;
While, resting on his promis'd word,
My longing soul waits for the Lord.

36 **O** JESUS, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin :

Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open Thine arms and take me in.

2 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore :
Oh for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive and bid me sin no more.

3 The stone to flesh, O Lord, convert ;
The veil of sin once more remove ;
Sprinkle Thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by Thy dying love.

4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now :
Fill my whole soul with filial fears,
And to Thy yoke my spirit bow.

HYMNS.

37 O LORD, my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn :
On Thee I call, to Thee I cry ;
In mercy hear me, lest I die.

2 O pleasures past, what are ye now ?
Thorns planted round my bleeding brow ;
For pleasure I have giv'n my soul,
And justice bids his thunder roll :

3 Yet, Jesus, to Thy cross I cling,
And crouch beneath Thy shelt'ring wing :
I clasp the cross, and mercy there
Presides, and justice learns to spare.

38 SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live !
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?

2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace :
O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean !

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace :
Lord, should Thy judgment be severe,
I am condemn'd ; but Thou art clear.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair !

HYMNS.

39 **L**AMB of God, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee desire to live,
Day and night, they cry to Thee,
As thou art, so let us be !

2 Fix, O fix our wavering mind ;
To Thy cross our spirits bind ;
Gladly now would we be clean ;
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God ;
Take the purchase of Thy blood.

40 **H**EAR, gracious God, a sinner's cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly ;
My only hope I cast on Thee ;
O God, be merciful to me.

2 It was for sinners Jesus died,
I have no refuge, Lord, beside ;
To his atoning blood I flee ;
In Him be merciful to me.

3 Sinful indeed I am and weak,
Yet give me, Lord, the grace I seek,
And where Thou art O let me be ;
Saviour, be merciful to me.

4 To glory bring me, Lord, at last,
And there, when all my fears are past,
How loud shall this blest anthem be—
God has been merciful to me.

HYMNS.

41 **A**S o'er the past my mem'ry strays,
Oft heaves the secret sigh ;
I mourn the guilt of former days
Brought by conviction nigh.

2 The world, alas, too much belov'd,
My busy thoughts employ'd ;
And time unhallow'd, unimprov'd,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my lab'ring breast ;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer ;
That grace can do the rest.

4 May life's brief remnant all be Thine ;
And when thy firm decree
Bids me this fleeting life resign,
O speed my soul to Thee.

42 **G**REAT God, before Thy throne of grace
We wretched wand'ers mourn !
Hast Thou not bid us seek Thy face ?
Hast Thou not said, " Return " ?

2 O shine on each benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let Thy healing grace impart
A taste of joys divine !

HYMNS.

- 43 **F**ROM lowest depths of woe
To God I send my cry ;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
- 2 My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord ;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never failing word.
- 3 My longing eyes look out
For Thy enliv'ning ray,
More earnestly than those who wait
To catch the dawn of day.
- 4 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows ;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.
- 44 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust :
Lord, give me life divine :
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine !
- 2 I need the influence of Thy grace,
To speed me in Thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 Are not Thy mercies sov'reign still,
And Thou a faithful God ?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road ?

HYMNS.

- 4 Then shall I love Thy Gospel more,
And ne'er forget Thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning power
To draw me near the Lord.

- 45 **W**HEN all around is dark and drear,
No hand to help, no voice to cheer;
When, of each human stay bereft,
Alone my trembling soul is left ;
- 2 Whither, ah, whither shall I flee,
Saviour of sinners, but to Thee ?
My mournful cry Thou'lt not despise,
By suff'rings taught to sympathize.
- 3 O break the power of sin and hell,
The stern rebuke of conscience quell,
And, by Thy Spirit's quick'ning voice,
My pardon speak, and say, Rejoice.
- 4 Bright hour, when on a soul forlorn
Serenely beams the Gospel morn,
And all its terrors melt away,
Like clouds before the springing day !

GOOD FRIDAY.

- 46 **J**ESUS, to Thy wounds I fly ;
Purge my sins of deepest dye :
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Wash away my crimson stain,
Plunge me in the sacred flood,
In the fountain of Thy blood ;
Then Thy Father's eye shall see
Not one spot of guilt in me.

HYMNS.

47 **S**TRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,
See Him dying on the tree ;
'Tis the Christ by man rejected ;
Yes, my soul, 'tis He ! 'tis He !

2 Come, my soul, look here, and wonder :
Here's a sight to cause surprise ;
Well the rocks may cleave asunder ;
Well may darkness veil the skies :

3 Jesus died in love to others :
Greater love has none than this :
Love of kindred, love of mothers,
Feeble are compar'd with his.

4 Here we have a firm foundation :
Here, the refuge for the lost ;
Jesus bought for us salvation :
His own blood the price it cost.

48 **Y**ES, we will *mourn* : for us he died :
Jesus for us was crucified :
For us, sustain'd sin's heavy load,
And shed his own most precious blood !
For us, the bitter death endur'd ;
For us, eternal life procur'd.

2 Yes, we will *love* : but who can know,
What tongue, or pen, can fully show,
The depth beneath, and height above,
Of suff'ring, and redeeming love ?
Us by his bitter death to save,
Himself—his life—his blood—He gave.

HYMNS.

- 49 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.
- 50 MAY I love Thee and adore Thee,
O Thou bleeding, dying Lamb :
Teach my heart to bend before Thee,
Kindle there a sacred flame.
- 2 Teach me what I am by nature,
How to lift my thoughts on high :
Teach me, O Thou great Creator,
How to live and how to die.

HYMNS.

51 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things, that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

52 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
" It is finish'd,"
Hear the dying Saviour cry !

2 " It is finish'd ! " O what triumph
Do these joyful words afford !
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
" It is finish'd ! "
Saints, his dying words record.

HYMNS.

- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs !
Strike them to Immanuel's name !
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim ;
" It is finish'd ! "
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

EASTER.

- 53 " CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men, and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply.
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 3 Lives again our glorious King !
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, O Grave ?
- 4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 5 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to Thee by both be given :
Thee we greet triumphant now ;
Hail ! the Resurrection Thou !

HYMNS.

54 **J**ESUS Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah.

Our triumphant holy day ;
Who did once, upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the pain which He endured
Our salvation hath procur'd ;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

55 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The Heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain,
To bind our Lord in death ;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
By his expiring breath.

4 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud Hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

HYMNS.

56 O JOYFUL sound ! O glorious hour !

Jesus, by his victorious pow'r,
Revives, and quits the silent grave,
Almighty to redeem and save.

2 Behold Him rising from the dead :
Behold Him ris'n, his people's Head :
They too, like Him, shall yield their breath ;
Like Him, shall burst the bands of death.

3 Why should his people fear the grave,
Since Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumb'ring bodies too,
And build their scatter'd dust anew ?

4 Why should his people now be sad ?
None have such reason to be glad :
Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,
And in your Master's work abound.

57 THE Lord is ris'n indeed :

He lives, to die no more :
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

2 Hail ! mighty Saviour, hail !
Who fill'st the throne above ;
Till heart and flesh together fail,
We will declare Thy love.

3 And when these tongues no more
On any theme can move,
We hope to sing Thy love and pow'r
With other tongues above.

HYMNS.

58 **T**HE happy morn is come :
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save :
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who now accuses them
For whom their Surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity, &c.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;
The glorious work is done ;
On Him our help is laid ;
By Him our victory won.
Captivity, &c.

59 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Captivity is captive led ;
For us the victory is gain'd,
For us eternal life obtain'd.

2 Triumphant o'er the powers below,
O'er sin, the source of all our woe ;
Through death's dark vale Hesmoothes our way
To realms of everlasting day.

3 Who shall presume to charge with guilt
The man for whom Christ's blood was spilt ?
For man He came from heav'n to die,
And him He rose to justify.

HYMNS.

- 4 When the last trump is heard on high,
And shouts of angels fill the sky,
The dead in Christ shall rise and sing
Loud Hallelujahs to their King.
- 60 **T**HE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
He lives, the Lord enthron'd on high ;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave ;
He lives, eternally to save.
- 2 He lives, to still his people's fears ;
He lives, to wipe away their tears ;
He lives, their mansions to prepare ;
He lives, to bring them safely there.
- 3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears ;
And let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

ASCENSION.

- 61 **H**ARK, the loud triumphant strains :
God, the King of glory reigns :
All the kingdoms own his sway :
Hail the happy, happy day ;
- 2 Hark, the sound of sacred mirth,
Jesus reigns in heav'n and earth ;
War, and strife, and tumult cease :
'Tis the time of love and peace.
- 3 Zion's King makes known his name ;
He asserts his lawful claim :
His the kingdom, his the pow'r,
His the glory, evermore.

HYMNS.

62 **G**LORY, glory to our King ;
Crowns unfading wreath his head :
Jesus is the name we sing :
Jesus risen from the dead :
Jesus conqueror o'er the grave ;
Jesus mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high ;
Angels come to meet their King ;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing :
" Open now, ye heavenly gates !
" 'Tis the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold Him high enthron'd ;
Glory beaming from his face ;
By adoring angels own'd
God of holiness and grace.
O for hearts and tongues to sing
" Glory, glory to our King !"

4 Jesus, on thy people shine ;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues ;
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss and swell their songs.
Glory, honour, praise and power,
Lord, be thine for evermore !

63 **J**ESUS is gone up on high,
But his promise still is here :
He will all our wants supply,
He will send the Comforter.

HYMNS.

- 2 Let us now his promise plead ;
Let us to his throne draw nigh :
Jesus knows his people's need ;
Jesus hears his people's cry.
- 3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter,
Pledge and witness of Thy love ;
Dwelling with Thy people here,
Leading them to joys above.
- 4 Till we reach the promis'd rest,
Till Thy face unveil'd we see,
Of this Comforter possess'd,
Teach us, Lord, to live to Thee.

- 64 **TH'** atoning work is done !
The precious blood is shed !
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead.
He stands in heaven their Great High Priest,
And bears their name upon his breast.
- 2 No temple made with hands
His place of service is ;
In heaven itself He stands ;
A heavenly priesthood his.
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.
- 3 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their Great High Priest again :
In brightest glory He will come,
And take his waiting people home.

HYMNS.

- 65 **T**HOU art gone up on high,
 To mansions in the skies ;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.
- 2 But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppressed ;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to our rest.
- 3 Thou art gone up on high ;
 But Thou shalt come again,
With all the armies of the sky
 Attendant in thy train.
- 4 Oh! by Thy saving power,
 So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
 At Thy right hand on high !

WHITSUNDAY.

- 66 **O** THOU, that once in fiery tongues
 Cam'st down in open view :
Come visit ev'ry heart that longs
 To entertain Thee too :
- 2 And though not like the mighty wind,
 Not with a rushing noise :
May we Thy calmer comforts find,
 And hear Thy still small voice :
- 3 We pray to be renew'd within
 And reconcil'd to God :
To have our conscience purg'd from sin
 With the Redeemer's blood.

HYMNS.

67 **W**HEN the blest Spirit of our God,
Came down his flock to find ;
A voice from heav'n was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

2 Nor doth the outward ear alone,
At that high warning start ;
Conscience gives back th' appalling tone,
'Tis echo'd in the heart.

3 It fills the church of God, it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills,
No place for it is found.

4 Come, Lord, come wisdom, love, and power ;
Open our ears to hear,
Let us not miss th' accepted hour,
Save, Lord, by love, or fear.

68 **S**PIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thy influence from above ;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung ;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by the Saviour wrought.

3 Blest Comforter and heavenly Guide,
Still with the Church of Christ abide ;
Still let our souls Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

HYMNS.

- 69 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let Thy bright beams arise :
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith ;
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh light on every part,
And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

- 70 HOLY GHOST ! inspire our praises,
Shed abroad a Saviour's love ;
While we chant the name of Jesus,
Deign on ev'ry heart to move.
Source of sweetest consolation !
Breathe Thy peace on all below ;
Bless, O bless this congregation,
Bid our hearts with influence glow.

HYMNS.

- 2 Come with heav'nly inspiration,
Jesus in our souls reveal ;
Manifest his great salvation,
As Thine own our spirits seal.
Light Divine, on darkness shining,
Deign the light of truth to give ;
Every grace and joy combining,
May we to Thy glory live.
- 3 Hail, ye spirits bright and glorious,
High exalted round the throne !
Now with you we join in chorus,
And your Lord we call our own.
God to us his Son hath given,
Saints, your noblest anthems raise !
All in earth and all in heaven,
Shout the great Jehovah's praise !
- 71 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire !
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart :
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 2 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both, to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

72 **S**PIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
And make this house Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,—
O come, Great Spirit, come !

2 Come as the Light,—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe ;
And lead us in those paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the Fire,—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole souls an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the Dove,—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let the Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

73 **G**RACIOUS SPIRIT, Love divine,
Let Thy light around us shine !
All our guilty fears remove,
: Fill us with Thy peace and love !

2 Pardon to the contrite give,
Bid the wounded sinner live ;
Lead us to the Lamb of God,
Wash us in his precious blood !

3 Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast ;
Life, and joy, and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart !

· HYMNS.

- 4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in the heavenly way!
Bring us to Thy courts above,
Realms of light and endless love!

TRINITY SUNDAY.

- 74 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honour done,—
The sacred Persons Three,
The power and Godhead one:
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

HYMNS.

75 **F**ATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

76 **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord,
God of hosts, by all ador'd,
Who dost ev'ry gift confer,
Father, Saviour, Comforter,—
Earth and heav'n are full of Thee,
Of Thy glorious majesty !

2 Jesus, hail, Thou great I AM !
Worthy thou, the dying Lamb.
Angel-harps resound thy praise,
Saints adore in humbler lays ;
Every creature bows the knee,
Worshipping Thy majesty.

HYMNS.

3 All as one adore the Lord,
Father, Spirit, and the Word.
Hail, Thou glorious Three in One !
By the Spirit, through the Son,
Glory to the Father be,
Glory to Thy majesty !

77 GREAT the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints together meet ;
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move :
He beheld the world undone,
Lov'd the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's unbounded love ;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Liv'd and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love :
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Chas'd the mists of sin away,
Turn'd our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet ;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they sing Jehovah's name.

HYMNS.

78 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done !
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

2 If a worm so mean as I
Can Thy glory, Lord, forth shew,
All my actions sanctify,
And my inmost soul renew :
Claim me for thy service !—claim
All I have, and all I am !

3 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One !
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done !
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

HOLY SCRIPTURE.

79 **B**LEST book of God, that greets mine ear,
With news of saving might ;
The fortress of my faith is here,
The star that guides aright.

2 Here is the spring, whence waters flow
To quench my heat of sin ;
Here is the tree where truth doth grow
To lead my life therein.

HYMNS.

- 3 Here is the judge that ends the strife
When men's devices fail :
Here is the bread that feeds the life
Which death cannot assail.
- 4 But help me, Lord, in every case
To read with single eye,
Desiring first, and still thy grace
To understand thereby.
- 5 The help Thou know'st I need, I crave
That pardon I may win ;
And knowledge due effect may have
To mortify my sin.

- 80 **H**OLY Bible, book divine ;
Precious treasure ! thou art mine ;
Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
Mine, to teach me what I am ;
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine, art thou to guide my feet ;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit ;
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death !
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel-sinner's doom :
O ! thou precious book divine ;
Precious treasure ! thou art mine.

HYMNS.

81 **FATHER** of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

3 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

82 **BEFORE** Thy mercy-seat, O Lord,
Behold Thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of Thy Word,
The guidance of Thy hand !

2 Lord, from Thy Word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store ;
And teach us, as we read, to feel
Its value more and more !

3 Help us to see a Saviour's love
Shining in every page,
And let the thought of joys above
Our inmost soul engage !

4 Let Thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart,
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart !

HYMNS.

- 83 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To Thee I lift mine eyes ;
Teach and instruct me by Thy Word,
And make me truly wise.
- 2 O may Thy Word my thoughts engage,
In each perplexing case ;
Help me to feed on ev'ry page,
And grow in ev'ry grace :
- 3 O let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days :
Thy wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And Thou shalt have the praise.
- 84 **G**OD and his law are my delight,
My glory and my song ;
My sure support by day and night,
The pleasure of my tongue.
- 2 When sore temptations vex my soul,
I think upon his Word ;
His promises my fears control
And lead me to my Lord.
- 3 Let Satan smile, let scoffers mock
To see me brought so low ;
His Word directs me to the rock
Whence peace and pardon flow.
- 4 Had not his Word been my relief,
Had not his truth sustain'd,
I must have perish'd in my grief,
No other help remain'd.

HYMNS.

- 85 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still ;
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.
- 2 Send down Thy Spirit, Lord, to write
Thy law upon my heart :
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy Word,
And make my heart sincere :
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road :
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

THE LORD'S-DAY.

- 86 THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear :
The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That call the tribes of Israel near ;
Ye people, all Obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear.

HYMNS.

- 2 Obedient to Thy summons, Lord,
We to Thy sanctuary come ;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send Thy people joyful home.
Of Thee, our King, O may we sing,
And none with such a theme be dumb !
- 3 O hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who know Thee here shall see Thy face ;
When suff'ring shall for ever close,
And they shall reach their destin'd place ;
Then shall they rest, Supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to Thy grace.
- 87 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise !
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.
-

HYMNS.

88 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thy earthly temples, are !
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God !

2 O happy souls, that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men, that pay
 Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still : and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill !

3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat ! Thou God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

89 **O** LORD, within Thy sacred gates,
 Where I so oft have sought for Thee,
Again my longing spirit waits
The fulness of delight to see !

2 More dear than life itself, Thy love
 My heart and tongue shall still employ :
Thy love to sing, Thy grace to prove,
Be this my glory, peace, and joy.

HYMNS.

90 **W**ELCOME sweet day of rest
That saw the Lord arise :
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day :
Here we may dwell and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 A day of love and praise
His holy courts within ;
Is better than a thousand days
Spent in the tents of sin.

91 **O** WHEN wilt Thou my Saviour be,
O when shall I be clean,
The true, eternal Sabbath see,
A perfect rest from sin !
Jesus, the sinner's rest Thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain ;
While Thou art absent from my heart,
I look for rest in vain.

2 O that I now the voice might hear,
That speaks my sins forgiven ;
His word is pass'd to give me here
The inward pledge of heaven :
His blood shall over all prevail,
And sanctify th' unclean ;
The grace that saves from future hell,
Shall save from present sin.

- 92 **A** WAKE, ye saints, awake !
And hail the sacred day ;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay :
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.
- 2 All hail, triumphant Lord !
Heaven with hosannas rings ;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings :
" Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign ! "
- 93 **T** HROUGH all the maze of life, Thy hand,
O Lord, has been my guide :
And in Thy long experienc'd love,
My heart shall still confide.
- 2 Thy grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream :
That grace on Zion's heav'nly hill
Shall be mine endless theme.
- 3 Beyond the fairest scenes below,
Thine earthly courts I love ;
But O, I long with warm desire,
To reach Thy courts above.
- 4 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore ;
A pillar in Thy temple fix'd,
To be remov'd no more.

HYMNS.

94 **B**LEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his Lord ;
Heav'nward to send his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
: Their empire o'er his anxious breast ;
While all around a calm divine
Proclaims a time of holy rest :

3 Hail, peaceful hour, supremely blest
Amidst the hours of worldly care ;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
The hour of fervent humble prayer.

4 And when these hours of prayer are past,
And when we lose our Sabbath days,
May we enjoy in heav'n at last,
An everlasting hour of praise.

95 **S**OON, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease ;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
Vanish soon these hours of peace ;—
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

2 But the rest which yet remains
For Thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Saviour's love ;
O may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near.

HYMNS.

96 **H**OW welcome to the saints, when press'd
With six days' labour, care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile.

2 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they their Saviour oft have met :
And while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

3 We thank Thee for Thy day, O Lord :
Here we Thy promis'd presence seek ;
Open Thine hand, with blessings stor'd,
And give us manna for the week.

97 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the Sov'reign God,
The universal King.
Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah !

2 Come, worship at his throne !
Come, bow before the Lord !
We are his work, and not our own ;
He form'd us by his word.
Praise, &c.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, as the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God !
Praise, &c.

HYMNS.

98 **F**ATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

2 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove:
But now encouraged by Thy voice, we come
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

3 O, by that Name in whom all fulness dwells,
O, by that love which every love excels,
O, by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in.

99 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise,
Glad homage pay with hallow'd mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise:

2 Convinc'd that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for his own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
And to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless!

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

HYMNS.

- 100 **I**N Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, Thy people, now draw near ;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
 Speak, and let Thy servants hear,
 Hear with meekness,
 Hear Thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee,
 Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
 May we run, nor weary be ;
 'Till Thy glory,
 Without clouds in heaven we see.
- 3 Then in worship, purer, sweeter,
 Thee Thy people shall adore,
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Far than thought conceived before :
 Full enjoyment,
 Full, unmixed, and evermore.
- 101 **T**HE promise and command of God
 Have brought us here to-day ;
 And now we wait in his abode,
 To hear what He will say.
- 2 Meet us, O Lord, with words of peace,
 Our souls inflame with love :
 From sin and folly may we cease,
 And henceforth faithful prove.
- 3 Revive Thy work amongst us, Lord,
 Hear our united cry :
 And let Thy Spirit by Thy Word
 Bring succour from on high.

HYMNS.

102 **YE** that stand on hallowed ground,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and guilty as ye are,
Full of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the Gospel brings.

2 Men of high and low degree,
Children of one family,
Ye whom God hath largely blessed,
Ye whom want hath sorely pressed,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the Gospel brings.

3 Turn to Christ your suppliant eyes;
View his perfect sacrifice,
See in Him your sins forgiven;
Follow in his steps to heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the Gospel brings.

103 **ARISE**, O King of Grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest!
Thy Church expects, with longing eyes,
Thy Presence to be blest.

2 Here, Mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy House,
And fill Thy poor with bread!

HYMNS.

104 **G**REAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 O Lord, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, Thou art;
Send down a coal of heavenly fire
To warm each waiting heart.

105 **W**ELCOME days of solemn meeting!
Welcome days of praise and prayer!
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share,—
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.

HYMNS.

2 Be Thou near us, blessed Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same ;
Give us faith that cannot waver ;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame,—
Blessed Saviour,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent prayer is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear our prayer ;
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let our praise Thine impress bear,—
Holy Spirit,
Let our praise Thine impress bear.

106 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He, whose word shall not be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou art safe from all thy foes.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear :
For a glory, and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.

4 Vain, the world's far-boasted treasures :
Vain, its boasted bliss below ;
Solid wealth, and lasting pleasures,
None but Zion's children know.

HYMNS.

107 **E**TERNAL Spirit! God of Truth!

Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 Hear, O hear, our supplication,
Blessed Spirit! God of Peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the abundance of Thy grace.

3 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all Thine influence prove;
Make our souls Thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

108 **J**ESUS, we Thy promise claim,
We are gather'd in Thy name;
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here!

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace;
Come, and dwell within each heart,
Light, and life, and joy impart!

3 Make us all in Thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet,—
Meet t' appear before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light!

109 **L**ORD, now we part in Thy blest name,
In which we here together came:
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work Thy will, and spread Thy praise!

HYMNS.

- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above!
Then shall we better sing Thy love.

110 **L**ORD of hosts, how bright, how fair,
E'en on earth Thy temples are;
Here Thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of Thee.

- 2 From Thy gracious presence flow
Peace and joy to heal our woe;
While Thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

- 3 Here we supplicate Thy throne,
Here Thou mak'st Thy glories known;
Here we learn Thy righteous ways,
Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

- 4 Thus, with songs of sacred joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love Thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

111 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMNS.

112 **L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness !

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So whene'er the signal given
Calls us from this earth away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day !

113 **C**OME, Christian Brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart,
One solemn hymn to God to raise,
One final song of grateful praise !

2 Christians ! we here may meet no more ;—
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
There, Brethren, we shall meet again.

HYMNS.

BAPTISM.

114 **J**ESUS, we lift our souls to Thee!

Thy Holy Spirit breathe,
And let these little infants be
Baptiz'd into Thy death!

2 O let Thine unction on them rest,
Thy grace their souls renew;
And write within their tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

115 **I**N token, child, thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,

We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee his alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and his shame.

3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain.

4 In token, child, thou too shalt tread
The path He travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high.

5 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own;
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown.

HYMNS.

- 116 **H** EAVENLY FATHER, may Thy love
Beam upon us from above ;
Let this infant find a place
In Thy covenant of grace !
- 2 Son of God, be with us here,
Listen to our humble prayer ;
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.
- 3 Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry,
Thou this infant sanctify ;
Thine Almighty power display,
Seal *him* to redemption's day.
- 4 Great Jehovah, Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Let the blessing come from Thee,
Thine shall all the glory be.

CONFIRMATION.

- 117 **O** NCE to other lords we bow'd ;
None were more enslav'd than we ;
Once we join'd the thoughtless crowd :
Saviour, now we come to Thee.
- 2 Lord, we now confess with shame,
How we slighted all Thy love ;
How we long withstood Thy claim,
And against Thy mercy strove.
- 3 Henceforth, we desire to be
Thine alone, for ever Thine :
Saviour, set Thy people free ;
Saviour, on Thy people shine.

HYMNS.

118 **L**ORD, shall Thy children come to Thee ?
A boon of love Divine we seek :
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel, or tongue could
speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

2 Lord, shall we come,—and come again ?
Oft as we see yon table spread,
And (tokens of Thy dying pain,)
The wine poured out, the broken bread,
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

3 Lord, shall we come ?—not thus alone,
At holy time, or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Come to Thy throne of grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be.

119 **T**HY solemn vows are on me, Lord ;
Thou shalt receive my praise ;
How good, how faithful is Thy word ;
How righteous are Thy ways :

2 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death :
Oh set Thy pris'ner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for Thee.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 120 **MY** God, and is Thy table spread ?
 And does Thy cup with love o'erflow ?
 Thither be all Thy children led,
 And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food !
- 3 O let Thy table honour'd be,
 And furnished well with joyful guests ;
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes !
- 121 **COME**, my soul, in faith draw nigh :
 Come, and taste a Saviour's love :
 See Him suffer, bleed, and die ;
 See Him pleading now above.
- 2 Come, behold his precious blood,
 Shed, from sin to set thee free :
 See his body, heav'nly food,
 Bruis'd and torn with nails for thee.
- 3 Jesus, what a bounteous feast
 Hungry souls are call'd to share !
 Though of saints I am the least,
 To Thy table I repair.
- 4 Here I think upon Thy love,
 Till with sacred joy I burn,
 Till my heart Thy mercies move,
 Till I love Thee in return.

HYMNS.

122 **B**READ of the world, in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead,—
 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,
 And be Thy feast to us the token
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

123 **B**RETHREN, come! our Saviour bids
 Bids us to a feast of love : [us,
 Bless the Lord, whose bounty feeds us
 With provision from above!
 Ye for whom his life was given,
 Come, and eat the bread of heaven!

2 Let us think of Him who bought us;
 'Tis the Saviour's own command:
 When we wander'd, Jesus sought us;
 Now He leads us by the hand:
 Now He gives us hope, and says,
 We shall sing his endless praise.

3 Oh, how much his people owe Him,
 For the love that He has shown!
 Well may we surrender to Him
 All that once we call'd our own:
 Lord, we give ourselves to Thee;
 Thou our Guide, our Master be!

HYMNS.

124 **T**O Thee, O Lord our God, we come !
For Thou art great, and Thou art good ;
Around Thy throne we know there's room,
And on Thy table richest food.

2 'Tis sweet to know, that all we need
Is found in Him, by whom we live :
Then grant us that for which we plead,—
Increase our faith, our sins forgive !

125 **A**BBA, Father, while we sing,
Hear the thankful praise we bring ;
Taught to cast our care on Thee,
Daily mercies, Lord, we see :
Yet enrich us with Thy grace,
Give us with Thy sons a place.

2 By the Holy Spirit led,
Nourish'd with celestial bread,
Strengthen'd through their mortal strife,
Kept to everlasting life,
Peace and hope to them are giv'n,
Time and glory, earth and heav'n.

3 What, though trials wait us here,
Christ endur'd what we must bear ;
If his grace our strength sustain,
Welcome sorrow, shame, and pain ;
Peace shall flow from ev'ry loss,
Endless glory from the cross.

HYMNS.

- 126 **STAY**, trembling soul ! and do not fear,
At Jesus' board for thee there's room ;
He who hath loved thee, says, " Draw near ; "
'Tis Christ Himself that bids thee come.
- 2 Come, with thy burden'd, broken heart :
Partake His grace, so full, so free :
Believe, and thou shalt not depart
Unbless'd ; for Jesus died for thee.
- 3 Confess thy guilt, forsake thy sin,
And wash thee white in Jesus' blood :
He who hath loved thee, says, " Be clean,"
E'en Christ, thy Saviour, and thy God !
- 4 Though tremblingly thou dost fulfil
His last command, fear not ; for He
Is Christ, thy pard'ning Saviour still,
Who loved and gave Himself for thee.

MINISTERS.

- 127 **FATHER** of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our humble pray'r ;
We plead for those who plead for Thee :
Faithful, successful may they be.
- 2 Cloth'd with an energy Divine,
Oh may their word indeed be Thine :
To us by them Thy truth reveal :
Strengthen their faith, and love, and zeal.
- 3 Teach them immortal souls to win,
And rescue from the snares of sin ;
And when we hear the Shepherd's voice,
May we, the thankful flock, rejoice.
-

HYMNS.

128 **L**ORD, cause Thy face on us to shine ;
Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine :
Teach us to prize Thy means of grace,
To love Thine earthly dwelling-place ;
And all Thy power and glory see
Within Thine hallowed sanctuary.

2 O King of Salem, Prince of Peace !
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease ;
One is our faith, and one our Lord ;
One body, spirit, hope, reward ;
O may we one communion be,
One with each other, one in Thee !

3 Bless all, whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things :
Let many, in the judgment day,
Turned from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear !
Bless those who teach, and those who hear.

129 **S**PIRIT of light and truth, from Thee
Help for our pastors we implore ;
May they with open heart and free,
Teach all Thy Word, in all its pow'r.

2 When foemen watch their tents by night,
And gath'ring mists hang thick and wide,
Spirit of counsel and of might,
Their past'ral warfare safely guide :

HYMNS.

- 3 And, oh ! when worn and tir'd they sigh
With that more fearful war within ;
When passion's storms are loud and high ;
When brooding o'er remember'd sin ;
- 4 Cheer Thou their hearts, O Mightiest, then ;
Come ever true, come ever near,
And wake their slumb'ring souls again,
Spirit of God's most holy fear.

130 LONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak our faith is found,
Our knowledge of Thy Word !

- 2 Oft we frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of Thy grace
Do our false hearts retain !
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love !
How negligent our fear !
How low our hope of joys above !
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! Thy sov'reign power impart,
To give Thy Word success ;
Write Thy salvation on our heart,
And make us learn Thy grace !
- 5 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high !
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die !

HYMNS.

- 131 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race !
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling Word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard ;—
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath ;—
- 4 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord !

- 132 COME, Holy Spirit, God of might,
And Comforter of all ;
Teach us to know Thy Word aright,
That we may never fall.
- 2 O Holy Spirit, guide aright
All preachers of Thy Word,
That Thou by them mayst cut down sin,
As with a two-edg'd sword.
- 3 Depart not from Thy pastors, Lord,
But aid them in their need ;
Who break to us the bread of life,
Whereon our souls do feed.

HYMNS.

- 4 Convert all those that are our foes
And bring them to Thy light ;
That in Thy truth we may agree,
And praise Thee day and night.

133 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from Thy book !

- 2 Then will I teach the world Thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn Thy sov'reign grace :
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

- 3 O may Thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

134 PRAISE we Him by whose kind favour
Heavenly truth has reach'd our ears ;
May its sweet reviving savour
Fill our hearts and chase our fears !—

- 2 What of truth we've now been hearing,
Lord, to every heart apply !
In the day of Thine appearing,
May we share Thy people's joy !

- 3 Till Thou take us hence for ever,
Saviour, guide us with Thine eye !
This our aim, our sole endeavour,
Thine to live, and Thine to die.

HYMNS.

NATIONAL.

139 **G**REAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
while at Thy feet we fall.

And humbly, with united cry, to Thee for
mercy call ;

Though guilt is ours, yet grace is Thine,
O turn us not away.

But hear us from Thy lofty throne, and
help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours
no less we own,

Yet wondrously from age to age Thy good-
ness hath been shown ;

When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our
country round,

To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, and
help in Thee we found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow beneath
Thy chastening hand,

And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn
with our mourning land ;

With pitying eye behold our need, as thus
we lift our prayer,

"Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
then let Thy mercy spare."

140 **O** LORD, before Thy gracious throne,
We, sinners, humbly bend :

On Thee we trust ; on Thee alone
For succour we depend.

HYMNS.

- 2 The gath'ring clouds upon our land
Their threat'ning pow'r display :
Our eyes look up at Thy command,
While yet we live to pray.
- 3 Turn, turn us, O Thou mighty Lord,
Convert us by Thy grace ;
We rest upon Thy promis'd Word ;
We humbly seek Thy face.
- 4 Then should disease or death invade,
Or foes in strength appear,
Thou, Lord, wilt give us needful aid,
And free from ev'ry fear.
- 141 O KING of kings ! Thy blessing shed
On our anointed sovereign's head ;
And, looking from Thy holy heaven,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.
- 2 Her may we honour and obey,
Uphold her right and lawful sway ;
Remembering that the powers that be
Are ministers ordained of Thee.
- 3 Her with Thy choicest mercies bless,
To all her counsels give success :
In war, in peace, Thy succour bring ;
Thy strength command ;—God save the
Queen.
- 4 And, oh ! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
Grant her a throne, in worlds on high,
A crown of immortality.
-

HYMNS.

- 142 O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
Our prayer to Thee vouchsafe to hear!
Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear!
- 2 Do Thou convert us, Lord! do Thou
The lustre of Thy face display!
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.
- 3 O Thou, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?
How long Thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return.
- 4 Do Thou convert us, Lord! do Thou
The lustre of Thy face display!
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

SCHOOLS.

- 143 JESUS, hail! we sing of Thee,
Welcome to Thy house of prayer!
Let our hearts Thy temple be,
Lord, set up Thy kingdom there.
- 2 Make us wise, Thy name to know,
Let us feel Thy power and love;
Ours to serve Thee here below,
Ours to dwell with Thee above.
- 3 There we'll sing hosannas loud,
To a Saviour's praise we'll sing:
Mix with yonder joyful crowd,
And for ever praise our King.

HYMNS.

144 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come ;
O hear my feeble prayer,
Stoop down and make my heart Thy home,
And shed Thy blessing there.

2 Thy light, Thy love impart,
And let it ever be
A holy, humble, happy heart—
A dwelling place for Thee.

145 **G**LORY to Jesus! Glory!
Let little children sing,
Who know the blessed story
Of the eternal King ;
How He came down from heav'n above,
To save the people of his love.

2 A little child he came,
For children to atone ;
Sing praises to his name,
Who did so love his own
As to redeem them with his blood,
And make them holy, just and good.

3 Jesus, the Prince of Peace,
Gives pardon, joy, and life,
Bids sin and sorrow cease,
And puts an end to strife ;
Glory to God, and peace in heav'n !
To Jesus' name let praise be giv'n !

HYMNS.

- 146 **A**LMIGHTY Lord, with joy to Thee
Our infant voices rise;
Accept, O God, our feeble praise,
And humble sacrifice.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.

- 2 We glorify, we bless Thy name,
For all Thy mercies given;
But most for Jesus Christ, who died
To raise our souls to heaven.
Glory, honour, &c.

- 3 O bless the Lord, our gracious God,
Whose mercies thus we prove;
Who bids the infant tongue proclaim
The wonders of his love.
Glory, honour, &c.

- 147 **G**LORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live,
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

HYMNS.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost ;
Be this day a Pentecost ;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the Word, that " God is love."

148 **G**OD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat ;
Hear, O hear, our feeble cry ;
Guide, O guide, our wandering feet !

2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know ;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, Lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood Divine ;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

4 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day ;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

5 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul,—
Hope, till time shall be no more,
Love, while endless ages roll.

HYMNS.

149 **A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiv'n,
A holy, happy band.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heav'n so bright and fair,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love—
How came those children there?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Cleans'd in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they lov'd his name;
And now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

5 And is that fountain flowing yet?
Bless'd Saviour, lead us there;
That we those happy ones may meet,
And in their praises share.

150 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, from above
Thy feeble flock behold;
And let us never lose Thy love,
Nor wander from Thy fold.

2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near,
To guide them lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.

HYMNS.

- 3 We want Thy help, for we are frail,—
Thy light, for we are blind ;
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
To prove that Thou art kind.
- 4 Teach us the things we ought to know,
And may we find them true ;
And still, in stature as we grow,
Increase in wisdom too.
- 5 Guide us through life ; and when at last
We enter into rest,
Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to Thy breast.

- 151 LET us sing with one accord,
Praise to the eternal Lord ;
He is worthy whom we praise,
Hearts and voices let us raise.
- 2 He hath made us by his pow'r,
He hath kept us to this hour,
He redeems us from the grave,
Lives to bless, who died to save.
- 3 Angels praise Him—so will we,
Sinful children though we be ;
Poor and weak, we'll sing the more ;
Jesus loves the weak and poor.
- 4 Dear to Him is childhood's prayer ;
Children's hearts to Him are dear ;
Heart and voice, let all be given,
All will find its way to heaven.

152 **W**HEN, his salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to his name ;
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 For, as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song :—
 Hosanna to Jesus they sing.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Sion's heavenly hill,
 We'll flock around his banner
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, " Hosanna
 To David's royal Son : "—
 Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their Hosannas raise :
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words ?
 No ; while our hearts are tender
 They too shall be the Lord's :—
 Hosanna to Jesus our king.

153 **C**OME, children, hail the Prince of
 Peace ;
 Obey the Saviour's call ;
 Come, seek his face, and taste his grace,
 And crown Him LORD OF ALL.

HYMNS.

2 Ye Lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,
Ye children, great and small,
Hosannas sing to Christ your King,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL.

3 'Tis Jesus will your sins forgive,
For you He drank the gall;
His life did give, that you might live,
To crown Him LORD OF ALL.

154 **THOU** Guardian of our youthful days,
To Thee our prayers ascend;
To Thee we 'll tune our song of praise,
Jesus the children's Friend.

2 From Thee our daily mercies flow,
Our life and health descend;
O save our souls from sin and woe!
THOU art the children's Friend.

3 Teach us to prize Thy holy Word,
And to its truths attend;
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,
And love the children's Friend.

4 O may we feel a Saviour's love,
To Him our souls commend,
Who left his glorious throne above,
To be the children's Friend.

5 Lord, draw our youthful hearts to Thee,
And when this life shall end,
Raise us to live above the sky,
With THEE, the children's Friend.

HYMNS.

MISSIONARY.

155 **T**HOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And, where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
“ Let there be light ” !

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and light ;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
“ Let there be light ” !

3 Spirit of truth of love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight !
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
“ Let there be light ” !

4 Blessed and Holy There,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide,
“ Let there be light ” !

HYMNS.

156 **A**RM of the Lord! awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength! The nations
shake;

And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee!
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee!

2 Let Zion's time of favour come!
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home!
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!

3 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim,
Exalt the Saviour's glorious name;
Let every foe before him fall,
Confessed, ador'd, the Lord of all.

157 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall,
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him LORD OF ALL!

HYMNS.

158 **R**ISE, gracious God, and shine
In all Thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread Thy glorious light ;
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know !

2 O, bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise ;
Let all the people hear,
And learn Thy holy ways !
Reign, Mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws !

3 Exert Thy glorious power !
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born of Thee :
God, our own God, his Church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

159 **T**HE whit'ning fields bespeak
A glorious harvest near ;
A harvest of immortal souls,
Which barren wastes shall bear.

2 Lord of the harvest, rise,
Thy pow'r and love display ;
And lab'ers, holy, zealous, wise,
Send forth without delay.

3 And ye, his ministers,
Go, tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race :

HYMNS.

- 4 We wish you, in his name,
Beyond your hopes, success ;
Nor doubt but He who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

160 **W**HERE, where is Zion's helper ?
Our fathers' God, our Father,
Her foes insulting scatter ;
Her scatter'd children gather ;

- 2 Jerusalem lies prostrate,
Her walls and bulwarks broken ;
Gone is her ancient glory,
We see no ancient token :

- 3 Where, where is Zion's helper ?
Arm of the Lord outstretched,
That smotest in Thine anger,
Awake and shield the wretched :

- 4 Jerusalem Thy chosen
Remember in her sadness :
And for her days of weeping
Renew her days of gladness :

- 5 She sits a captive widow,
Bereft, forlorn, forsaken :
Thrown down her holy altars,
Her priests, her princes taken :

- 6 Arm of the Lord outstretched,
Regard her desolation ;
Revive, restore, recover,
And grant her Thy salvation.

HYMNS.

- 161 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,—
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,—
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,—
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,—
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile,—
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

HYMNS.

162 **Y**ES, we trust the day is breaking,
 Joyful times are near at hand;
 God, the Mighty God, is speaking,
 By his Word, in every land:
 Mark his progress!
 Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad:
 Every language
 Soon shall tell the love of God!

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let Thy people see Thy hand;
 Make the Gospel soon victorious
 Through the world in every land!
 Perish idols,
 At Jehovah's dread command!

163 **Z**ION'S King shall reign victorious,
 All the earth shall own his sway:
 He will make his kingdom glorious,
 He will reign through endless day.

2 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
 Now Thy glorious cause maintain;
 Bring the nations help and healing,
 Make them subject to Thy reign.

3 Thou art God, who would not fear Thee?
 Who, that knows Thy glorious pow'r?
 O that all the world might hear Thee,
 And be slaves of sin no more.

HYMNS.

- 164 **J**ESUS, immortal King, arise,
Assume, assert Thy sway,
Till earth subdued its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all Thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at Thy feet.
- 3 Send forth Thy Word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 O may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,
And Jesus reign alone !
- 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord !
- 165 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred Herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands !
Mourning captive !
God himself will loose thy bands.

HYMNS.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?
Cease thy mourning !
Zion still is well belov'd.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
He himself appears thy friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs end :
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favours bless'd :
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

166

THINE, Jesus, is the name
Our souls shall still adore ;
The name of life, and love, and peace,
And strength, and saving power ;

2 Live, and for ever may
Thy throne establish'd be ;
Till all consenting hearts and tongues
Unite in praising Thee.

HYMNS.

- 167 **S**OON shall arrive the glorious day,
 When thron'd on Zion's brow,
 The Lord shall rend that veil away,
 Which blinds the nations now;
- 2 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of his rebuke shall die ;
 When pain shall cease, and ev'ry tear
 Be wip'd from ev'ry eye ;
- 3 Then Judah, thou no more shalt mourn,
 Beneath the heathen's chain,
 Thy days of splendour shall return,
 And all be new again.
- 4 Lo, on the mountains beauteous stand
 The messengers of peace :
 Salvation by the Lord's right hand
 They shout, and never cease.
- 168 **T**O bless Thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;
 And cause the brightness of Thy face
 On all Thy saints to shine.
- 2 That so Thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known,
 While distant lands their tribute pay,
 And Thy salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring nations join
 To celebrate Thy fame ;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise Thy glorious name.

HYMNS.

- 4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

169 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home.
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane ?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

- 2 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart ;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel home returning
Her lost Messiah see ;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

PRAYER.

170 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With rev'rence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer ;
O, grant us power to pray ;
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

HYMNS.

171 **M**Y God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough
way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;—
"Thy will be done!"

3 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;—
"Thy will be done!"

4 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

172 **O** THOU that hearest prayer,
Behold us at Thy feet;
Now let us prove Thy presence here,
Where two or three are met!

HYMNS.

- 2 Thy promise, Lord, we plead ;
Nor can we plead in vain ;
Thou never saidst to Israel's seed,
" Seek ye my face in vain."
- 3 Glory to Thee alone,
Thou God of boundless grace,
Who dost refreshing showers send down,
To cheer Thy drooping race !
- 4 O, let it now be shown
How true, how good Thou art !
Lord, send a gracious answer down,
To every waiting heart !

173 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

- 2 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMNS.

174 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold a mercy seat;
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
 And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

2 Still may they prove the pow'r of pray'r
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
 To teach their faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heav'n before their eyes;

3 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near,
 Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear,
 Rend Thou the heav'ns, come quickly
 down,
 And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

175 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort, to Thy will,
 And make Thy pleasure mine!

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears;
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?

3 No;—rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize, to Thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
 If Thou vouchsafe to grant,
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

HYMNS.

176 **H**EAR, O Lord! on Thee I call;
Prostrate at Thy feet I fall;
O, make haste, to Thee I cry;
Hear in mercy, and draw nigh.

2 Keep me from each tempting snare,
Make and keep my conscience clear;
While surrounding foes despise,
On Thy truth I fix my eyes.

3 All my trust is in Thy Word;
Cast not out my soul, O Lord;
Guard me till the danger's past;
O receive my soul at last.

177 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase:
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O, when shall I behold Thy face?
Thou Majesty divine.

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

HYMNS.

178 **O** LORD! I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Which has a fountain near?
A fountain that will ever run
With waters sweet and clear.

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

5 O, that I had a stronger faith!
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

6 O Lord! I cast my care on Thee:
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

179 **M**Y only Saviour, when I feel
O'erwhelm'd in spirit, faint, oppress,
'Tis sweet to tell Thee, while I kneel
Low at Thy feet, "Thou art my rest."

HYMNS.

- 2 When with a trembling heart I try
My state by truth's unerring test,
Oft it condemns me ; then I fly
To Thee for pardon, Thee for rest.
- 3 I'm weary of the strife within ;
Strong powers against my soul contest ;
O, let me turn from self and sin
To Thy dear cross ! there, there is rest.

180 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me !

- 2 When on my aching, burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,
In love remember me !
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day,
For good remember me !
- 4 If on my face, for Thy lov'd name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me !
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me !

HYMNS.

- 181 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,—
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace !
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race !
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide !
- 4 O, spread Thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace !
- 182 TO heaven my restless heart aspires !
O for a quickening ray
To wake and warm my faint desires,
And cheer the toilsome way !
- 2 My Guardian, my Almighty Friend,
On Thee my soul would rest ;
On Thee alone my hopes depend ;
Be near, and I am blest.
- 183 COME, my soul, Thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

HYMNS.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

184 **W**HEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade!

3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

HYMNS.

185 O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need ;
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more Thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O, help us, Jesus, from on high ;
We know no help but Thee ;
O, help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

186 THY counsel, Lord, shall guide my feet
Thro' this dark wilderness :
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

2 Were I in heav'n without my God,
No joy would be to me :
And while this earth is mine abode,
I long for none but Thee.

3 What if the springs of life decay,
And heart and flesh should faint ;
God is my soul's eternal stay,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

HYMNS.

- 4 Still to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
To sound Thy works of grace abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

187 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise ;—

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

188 **H**E who for man a surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious
blood,

- Pursues in heav'n the gracious plan ;
An helper still and friend of man.
- 2 Though far ascended up on high,
He still retains a brother's eye ;
Pities our nature, loves our name,
And knows the frailty of our frame.
- 3 Come then with boldness to his throne,
And make your wants and sorrows known :
Beg there the help of heav'nly pow'r,
And mercy in the trying hour.

HYMNS.

189 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty :
Hold me with Thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the living fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Triumph give and consolation ;
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

190 **W**HEN the Saviour dwelt below,
Pity in his bosom reigned ;
Sympathy He loved to show,
Nor the meanest suit disdained.

2 Round Him thronged the blind, the lame,
Deaf, and dumb, diseased, possessed,
None in vain for healing came,
All the Saviour freely blest.

HYMNS.

- 3 He could make the leper whole ;
Thousands at a meal He fed ;
Winds and waves He could control ;
By a word He raised the dead.
- 4 Lord, to me Thy blessing give ;
Hungering, sick, and faint I come ;
Let me in Thy presence live :
Lead me to my heavenly home.
- 5 Be Thy love to me revealed ;
Be Thy grace by me possessed ;
Touch me, and I shall be healed ;
Bless me, and I shall be blessed.

191 JESUS, God of love, attend,
From Thy glorious throne descend ;
Set, O set the captives free,
Draw our backward souls to Thee ;
Let us all from Thee receive
Light to see, and life to live.

2 Let us hear Thy pardoning voice
Bid the contrite heart rejoice ;
Prayer can mercy's door unlock,—
Open, Lord, to us that knock ;
Us the heirs of glory seal,
With Thy benediction fill.

3 Give the heavy-laden rest,
Shed Thy love in every breast ;
Witness all our sins forgiven ;
Grant on earth a glimpse of heaven ;
Bring the joyful tidings down,
Fit us for our future crown.

HYMNS.

- 192 **J**UST as I am—without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am,—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am,—though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 " Fightings within, and fears without,"
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down,
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 193 **J**ESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
 Sov'reign Creator, Lord of all,
 Since we in Thee salvation find,
 Before Thy cross we humbly fall :
 Our Lord, our God, our soul's desire,
 With sacred love our hearts inspire.

HYMNS.

- 2 Let holy pity Thee constrain
 Freely to pardon all our sin ;
May all of us be born again,
 Thy glorious image in us shine :
Lift up Thy bright and cheering face,
And let us know Thy saving grace.
- 3 Be Thou our strength, be Thou our song ;
 Be our exceeding great reward ;
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
 Rejoice and triumph in the Lord :
Jesus, our boast shall be of Thee,
In time, and in eternity.

194 **BEHOLD** the throne of grace !
 The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.

- 2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
 Thou canst not be too bold !
Since his own blood for thee He spilt,
 What good can He withhold ?
- 3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and Thy love !
I ask to serve Thee here below,
 And reign with Thee above.
- 4 Teach me to live by faith,
 Conform my will to Thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine !

HYMNS.

195 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer !
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea ;
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burthen'd souls to Thee ;
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

196 **M**INE eyes, and my desire,
Are ever to the Lord ;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his Word.

2 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod ?

3 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame ;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

4 With humble feet I wait
To see Thy face again ;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
" He sought the Lord in vain."

HYMNS.

197 **W**HERE two or three together meet,
To seek the Lord by prayer :
The Lord is in the midst of these,
And He will surely hear.

2 Shine, Lord, on ev'ry soul that comes
By pray'r to seek Thy face :
Thou know'st our hope, our only hope
Is grounded on Thy grace.

3 Help us, O Lord, to ask in faith ;
Take unbelief away :
And for the blessings that we need,
Give us a heart to pray.

198 **L**ORD, that I may learn of Thee,
Give me true simplicity ;
Seeking more of Thee to know ;
Wean'd and kept from things below.

2 Let me freely cast aside
All that feeds my boastful pride ;
Always willingly submit,
Meekly learning at Thy feet.

3 Saviour, I would rest on Thee ;
Lowly, as a child should be ;
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might.

4 Let my treasure be Thy love ;
Let Thy cross my glory prove ;
In Thy presence while I stay,
None can take my hope away.

HYMNS.

199 **M**Y God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave!

3 Then is my strength by Thee renew'd,
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven,
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 Words cannot tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

5 Hush'd is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And ev'n the penitential tear
Is wip'd away!

200 **C**OME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

HYMNS.

- 3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.
- 4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground :
- 5 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

201 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Saviour divine, diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part :
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear ;
But all my treasure with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

HYMNS.

202 **O**H that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God :
To spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad :

2 To tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain ;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
God sits upon a throne of grace,
And bids thee seek Him there.

203 **T**HOU gracious God, and kind,
O, cast our sins away ;
Nor call our former guilt to mind,
Thy justice to display.

2 Thy tend'rest mercies show,
Thy richest grace prepare,
Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
We perish in despair.

3 Save us from guilt and shame,
Thy glory to display ;
And, for the great Redeemer's name,
Wash all our sins away.

4 So we, Thy flock, Thy choice,
The people of Thy love,
Shall in Thy care, through life, rejoice,
But praise Thee best above,

HYMNS.

- 204 **I**N weakness I draw nigh,
Before the throne of grace ;
Answer, O Lord, my mournful cry,
And fill me with Thy peace :
- 2 Fain would I hate my sin,
And ponder on Thy love ;
Till all be sanctified within,
And set on things above.
- 3 To Thee I recommend
My weak and trembling soul :
On Thee for future grace depend,
My strength, my life, my all.

PRAISE.

- 205 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for his sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O, enter, then, his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

HYMNS.

206 **H**OLY, Holy, Holy, Lord !
 Live, by heaven and earth ador'd !
 Full of Thee they ever cry,
 " Glory be to God on high ! "

2 Thee to laud in songs divine,
 Angels and archangels join :
 We with them our voices raise,
 Echoing Thine eternal praise.

Hallelujah.

207 **M**Y Maker and my King,
 To Thee my all I owe ;
 Thy sovèrèign bounty is the spring
 From whence my blessings flow.

2 The creature of Thy hand,
 On Thee alone I live !
 My God, Thy benefits demand
 More praise than I can give.

3 Oh ! what can I impart,
 When all is Thine before !
 Thy love demands a grateful heart !
 The gift, alas ! how poor !

4 O, let Thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength Divine ;
 Let all my powers to Thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

208 **L**ORD of every land and nation,
 " Ancient of eternal days,"
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be Thy just and lawful praise.
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

HYMNS.

- 2 "Brightness of the Father's glory,"
Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie?
Shun, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah! Amen.
- 3 Did archangels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
Hallelujah! Amen.
- 4 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah! Amen.
- 209 I'VE found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have,
All gold without alloy.
- 2 Christ is a Prophet, Priest, and King,
A Prophet full of light:
A Priest who stands 'twixt God and me,
A King who rules with might.
- 3 This Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings,
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings.
- 4 Christ is my meat; Christ is my drink;
My medicine and my health;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown;
My glory, and my wealth.

HYMNS.

210 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore!
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name ;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood did once atone ;
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 Almighty, Sovereign Lord,
My Captain and my King !
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing.
Thine is the power. Behold ! I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet.

211 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.

HYMNS.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

212 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne !
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
" To be exalted thus !"
" Worthy the Lamb !" our lips reply,
" For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine ;

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMNS.

- 213 **FROM** all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 214 **SALVATION!** O the joyful sound !
What pleasure to our ears !
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding LAMB,
To Thee the praise belongs !
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.
- 215 **LO!** round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand ;
Of ev'ry tongue, redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood !
- 2 Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame ;
But now from all their labours rest,
In God's eternal glory bless'd.

HYMNS.

3 They see the Saviour face to face,
They sing the triumph of his grace :
And, day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud hosannas raise:—

4 “ Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign !
Thou hast redeem'd us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God ! ”

216 **G**RACE ! 'tis a welcome sound,
Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMNS.

217. **S**ING aloud to God our strength :
He has brought us hitherto :
He will bring us home at length ;
This the Lord our God will do.

2 Sing aloud to God our strength :
Sing with wonder of his love ;
Who can tell its breadth and length ;
Who below, or who above ?

3 Sing aloud to God our strength :
He is with us where we go :
Fear not then the journey's length ;
Fear not then the mighty foe.

218 **O**BJECT of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee :
Thee to praise and Thee to know
Constitutes our bliss below ;
Thee to see and Thee to love
Constitutes our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence Thou deny ;
Lord, if Thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die :
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows :
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are if Thou art mine.

HYMNS.

219 THE God of love my Shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed ;
While he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want or need ?

2 He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest :
Then to the streams that gently pass :
In both I have the best.

3 Sure his sweet and wond'rous love
Shall measure out my days ;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

220 MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy name ?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Earth and heav'n Thy love proclaim.
Hallelujah ! Amen.

2 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Should Thy praise unutter'd lie ?
Cease, my tongue, the guilty silence ;
Sing the Lord who came to die.

3 From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe
Came, to ransom guilty captives :
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

4 Join, ye ransom'd to adore Him,
Lift your hearts and songs above ;
Angels, swell the sacred chorus,
Join to sing the Saviour's love.

HYMNS.

221 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet Thy gracious name !
With joy that errand we review
On which Thy mercy came.

2 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laidst that glory by,
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

3 Bought with Thy service and Thy blood
We doubly, Lord, are Thine ;
To Thee our lives we would devote,
To Thee our death resign.

222 LET us love, and sing, and wonder ;
Let us praise the Saviour's name !
He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame :
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Dying for our rebel race ;
Call'd us by his Word, and taught us
By the Spirit of his grace :
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down ;
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conq'ror's crown :
He who wash'd us with his blood
Soon will bring us home to God.

HYMNS.

- 4 Let us praise and join the chorus
Of the saints enthron'd on high :
Here, they trusted Him before us ;
Now, their praises fill the sky.—
“ Thou hast wash'd us with Thy blood !
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God ! ”

223 GLORY to God on high !
Let earth and skies reply ;
Praise ye his name :
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Sing aloud evermore,
WORTHY THE LAMB.

- 2 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye his name :
Tell what his arm hath done,—
What spoils from death He won ;
Sing his great name alone ;
WORTHY THE LAMB.

- 3 Let all the hosts above
Join in one song of love,
Praising his name ;
To Him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity ;—
WORTHY THE LAMB.

HYMNS.

224 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength ; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires ;
Lord, grant me an abode
Among the Churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God ;

3 There will I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still ;
Will hear Thy messages of grace,
And there inquire Thy will.

4 There shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Shall in Thy temple sound.

225 **P**RAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring !
Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd, forgiven,
Who like thee his praise should sing ?
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise the everlasting King !

2 Father like, He tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In his hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him ! Praise Him,
Widely as his mercy flows !

HYMNS.

- 3 Angels, help us to adore Him !
Ye behold Him face to face :
All his works bow down before Him,
Through the boundless realms of space
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise with us the God of grace !

226 **A**WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising pow'r ;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing :
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
" Ye blessed children, come : "
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

- 5 Then shall our rapturous tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMNS.

227 LOOK up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,
Forget all earthly things;
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown Him KING OF KINGS.

2 While heaven, in honour of his name,
With exultation sings,
His saints on earth will own his claim,
And crown Him KING OF KINGS.

3 When here, He bore our sin and shame;
And thence our comfort springs;
'Tis meet we should exalt his name,
And crown Him KING OF KINGS.

4 We hope ere long beyond those clouds
To tune celestial strings,
And join with heaven's exulting crowds
To crown Him KING OF KINGS.

228 GOD of mercy, God of Grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill Thy Church with light divine:
And Thy saving health extend,
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tributes pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

HYMNS.

- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford :
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

- 229 COME, saints, and adore Him ;
Come, bow at His feet ;
Come, give Him the glory,
The praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas
Unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus
That gladdens the skies.
- 2 To the Lamb that was slain
All honour be paid,
And crowns without number
Encircle His head ;
Let blessing and glory,
And riches and might,
Be ascrib'd evermore
By angels of light.
- 3 Come, saints, and adore Him ;
Come, bow at His feet ;
Come, give Him the glory,
The praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas
Unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus
That gladdens the skies.

HYMNS.

230 **L**ET earth and heaven agree,
 Angels and men be join'd,
 To celebrate with me
 The Saviour of mankind ;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus ! harmonious name !
 It charms the hosts above ;
 They evermore proclaim
 And wonder at his love.
'Tis all their bliss to sing his grace ;
'Tis heaven to see Immanuel's face.

3 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free ;
'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory.
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

231 **G**OD of my strength, the Wise, the Just,
 To Thee my spirit I entrust ;
From Thee, when terrors clos'd me round,
My soul its full redemption found.

2 Thy mercy shall my thanks employ ;
For Thou, my theme, my life, my joy,
Hast call'd me Thine, and bid me share
The gifts of Thy paternal care.

.HYMNS.

- 3 O, how shall all who seek Thy love
The fulness of Thy bounty prove,
And teach th' admiring world to see
How blest the soul who trusts in Thee ?

232 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 O, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

- 4 O, make but trial of his love !
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

HYMNS.

233 JESUS, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heav'nly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side ;
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits ;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

234 LORD, when my thoughts, delighted, rove
Amid the wonders of Thy love ;
The sight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

2 Guilty and weak, to Thee I fly,
On Thy atoning blood rely,
And on Thy righteousness depend,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.

3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to Thy single praise !
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

HYMNS.

235 **THOU**, Jesus, art the light and life
 Of all this wond'rous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee ;
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

2 When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
 And ev'ry flow'r the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath Thy kindling eye ;
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

236 **YE** who dwell in heav'n declare
 Who "the King of Glory" is,
 Who is first and highest there,
 His the pow'r, the kingdom his !

2 'Tis the Lamb, the Lamb alone,
 Claims the title justly his ;
 He it is that fills the throne ;
 He "the King of Glory" is.

3 Blessed news ! the Lamb is King :
 Glorious truth ! He reigns alone :
 Come, ye saints, your tribute bring,
 Bow before the Saviour's throne.

4 Jesus, hail ! whom angels sing ;
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain ;
 Reign for ever, glorious King ;
 Thou art worthy, Lord, to reign.

HYMNS.

237 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Lord !
We praise Thy name with one accord ;
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

3 The Apostles join the glorious throng ;
The Prophets swell the immortal song ;
The Martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

4 Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King !
Thee, O Lord God of hosts, they sing :
Thus, earth below, and heaven above,
Resound Thy glory and Thy love.

238 **O** WORSHIP the King all glorious
above !

O gratefully sing his power and his love !
Our Shield and Defender—the Ancient of
Days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with
praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace !
Whose robe is the light,—whose canopy
space,

His chariots of wrath the deep thunder
clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the
storm.

HYMNS.

- 2 The earth with its store of wonders
untold,
Almighty! Thy power hath founded of
old;
Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless
decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the
sea.
Thy bountiful care what tongue can
recite?
It breathes in the air,—it shines in the
light;
In streams from the hills it descends to
the plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the
rain.
- 3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as
frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to
fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the
end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
Friend!
O measureless Might—ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee
above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their
lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy
praise.

HYMNS.

- 239 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 He fills the sun with morning light ;
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 Through this vain world He guides our
feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.
- 240 **L**IFT up your heads, ye heav'nly gates ;
Unfold, ye doors of heav'nly light :
Behold, the King of Glory waits,
And claims these mansions as his right.
- 2 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the conq'ror's name.
- 3 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?
The Lord of glorious pow'r possess ;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

HYMNS.

241 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of ev'ry kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 " Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
" Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love."

3 " Worthy the Lamb ! " on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save ;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting ?
Thy victory, O Grave ? "

4 Then, Hallelujah ! power and praise
To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven !

242 LIFT we, now, our hearts to God,
Like the Church above employ'd ;
Day and night the angels sing
Praises to their heavenly King.

2 Him that sitteth on the throne,
Him that died for man to atone,
God and the triumphant Lamb,
They eternally proclaim.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord !
Live by heaven and earth ador'd !
Fill'd with Thee, let all things cry,
" Glory be to God Most High ! "

HYMNS.

243 **MY** God, my only help and hope,
My strong and sure defence ;
For all my safety and my peace,
I bless Thy providence.

2 The daily favours of my God
Are more than I can sing ;
Yet let me tell how much I owe
To my Almighty King.

3 Lord, in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread ;
And in the night when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

4 My God, in Thee I live and move,
And for Thee I must be ;
'Tis better for me not to live,
Than not to live to Thee.

244 **O** CHRIST! our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring!
Creator of the World art Thou,
Its Saviour, and its King !

2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And gave Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free !

3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid ;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes array'd.

HYMNS.

- 4 Oh, may thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare !
Oh, may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there !
- 5 O Christ ! be thou our present joy,
Our future great reward !
Our only glory may it be,
To glory in the Lord !

- 245 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Ere yet my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes these gifts with joy.
- 5 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But, O ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

HYMNS.

246 **G**OD has turn'd my grief to gladness ;
He has made my heart rejoice ;
I, who lately pin'd in sadness,
Now can raise my thankful voice.

2 O, how short is his displeasure ;
As a moment it appears :
But his love is without measure,
Still the same through endless years.

3 Jesus smiles, and from his favour
Life and joy are found to flow ;
O for faith that does not waver ;
Lord, on me this faith bestow.

4 Help me now, ye saints, to praise Him ;
Join, ye angels while we sing ;
Though our efforts cannot raise him,
Praise, O praise our glorious King.

247 **G**LORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross ;
Who redeem'd our souls, by tasting
Death, the death deserv'd by us !
Spread His glory, who redeem'd his people
thus !

2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end ;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend :
Praise the Saviour ! magnify the sinner's
Friend !

HYMNS.

- 3 While we hear the wond'rous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God, and to the Lamb!"
Saints and angels, give ye glory to his
name!

248 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

- 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestow'd,—
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

- 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is, from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

- 5 I cannot serve Him as I ought,
No works have I to boast:
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe Him most.

HYMNS.

249 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,—
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

3 He speaks,—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive:
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

4 Hear Him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

5 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy name.

250 **T**HE Lord of life, with glory crown'd
On heav'n's eternal throne,
Forgets not those for whom on earth
He heav'd the dying groan.

2 His glory now, no tongues of men
Nor seraphs bright can tell;
Yet of his joys this is the chief,
That souls are sav'd from hell.

HYMNS.

- 3 For this He came and dwelt on earth,
For this his life was giv'n ;
For this He fought and vanquish'd death,
For this He pleads in heav'n.
- 4 For this remember'd be his name,
The Lord of life and love,
With never-ceasing songs below,
And heav'n's best praise above.

251 COME, let us bless the Lord our God,
And all his works proclaim ;
Let all our souls with all their might,
Combine to praise his name.

- 2 Come, let our souls repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great :
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 3 Far as the heaven above the earth
Its lofty arch extends,
So far his love to sinful man
Our utmost thought transcends.
- 4 Far as the east is from the west
He all our guilt removes ;
And spares us, as a father spares
The children whom he loves.
- 5 O let us, then, renew the theme,
And all his works proclaim ;
Let all our souls, with all their might,
Combine to praise his name.

HYMNS.

252 PRAISE I will render to my God
For all his gifts to me :
Sing, heav'n and earth, rejoice and sing
His glorious majesty.

2 Praise Him, ye shining hosts of heav'n ;
Praise Him, ye saints in light :
Ye cherubim and seraphim
Praise Him with all your might.

3 Ye saints on earth, lift up your hearts,
Your tuneful voices raise ;
Offer to God, ye sacred priests,
Your sacrifice of praise.

4 Praise, praise Him, all ye saved ones,
To whom salvation came :
Praise Him that sits upon the throne
And praise the glorious Lamb !

5 O let us praise Him while we live,
And praise Him when we die :
And praise Him when we rise again,
Through all eternity.

AFFLICTION.

253 FATHER, I bless Thy gentle hand;
How kind was Thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
That brought my wandering soul to God !

HYMNS.

- 2 Foolish and vain I went astray
Ere I had felt Thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep Thy word.
- 3 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit formed my soul within;
Teach me to know Thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.
- 4 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in Thy word,
And made Thy grace my only choice.

254 **T**O Thee, O Lord, in deep distress,
To Thee my suppliant soul would press!
Ill can my burden'd spirit plead;
But thou its untold wish canst read.

- 2 I walk 'mid snares on every side,
No voice to cheer, no hand to guide;
A lonely, dark, and rugged road,
But not unknown to Thee, my God.
- 3 When earthly helpers fail or flee,
How sweet to turn, O Lord, to thee,
And find, in Thy exhaustless love,
My rest below, my hope above!
- 4 O hear, and set my spirit free
From foes and chains too strong for me!
My drooping hopes refresh and raise,
And fill my heart with thankful praise.

HYMNS.

255 **T**O God I cried aloud,
To God I poured my sighs,
From heaven his gracious ear He bow'd,
And listen'd to my cries.

2 Through all the mournful days,
When troubles round me spread,
I sought the Lord; I asked his grace;
To Him for refuge fled.

Thy works, eternal Lord!
Shall dwell upon my heart!
And, while Thy mercies I record,
I'll bid my fears depart.

256 **W**HAT is there here worth living for,
Save only, Lord, to live to thee;
This earth shall soon see me no more,
Nor I its vice and vanity:
Soon shall the Christian spurn his clay,
And sweetly singing soar away.

2 But grant me, Lord, while here I glide,
A stedfast and an upright soul;
Thy Holy Spirit for my guide,
And heav'n Thy dwelling-place my goal:
Till casting off this clogging clay,
I sweetly singing soar away.

257 **T**O God I cried, when troubles rose,
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

HYMNS.

- 2 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord ;
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word :
Not all Thy works and names below
So much Thy power and glory show.
- 3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins ;
The work that Wisdom undertakes
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

258 MY hiding-place, my refuge, tower,
And shield thou art, O Lord :
I firmly anchor all my hopes,
On Thine unerring word.

- 2 Engrav'd as in enduring brass
The faithful promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Truth's everlasting lines.
- 3 The word of grace is firm and strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Spoke all the promises.

HYMNS.

259 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light ;
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free !

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
To raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day :
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

260 WHEN the threat'ning tempest scowls,
When the mutt'ring thunder rolls,
Darkness hangs upon the deep,
And the whistling whirlwinds sweep :

2 When th' oppressive power of sin
Spreads a darker gloom within,
Clouds the soul with many a fear,
Dims the sight with many a tear :

HYMNS.

- 3 On the Lord thy burden cast ;
Hide thee till the storm be past ;
He will wipe away thy tears,
He will ease thy soul from fears.

261 **T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well ;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us ;
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,
Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us.
All must be well.

- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well ;
Our's is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still to God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well ;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

HYMNS.

262 **L**ORD, what Thy providence denies
I calmly would resign;
For Thou art good and just and wise;
O bend my will to Thine.

2 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

3 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.

4 My God, my Father! be Thy name
My solace and my stay;
O, wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

263 **W**HEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay:
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away:

2 Sweet to reflect how grace divine,
Our sins on Jesus laid:
Sweet to remember that his blood
Our debt of suffering paid:

3 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death:
And sweet to draw from day to day,
His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

HYMNS.

- 4 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his :
And sweet in firm, confiding faith,
To wait for future bliss.

264 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee ;
Destitute, despis'd, forsaken ;
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ;
Let the world despise and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

- 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
O ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

- 3 Think, my soul, who dwells within thee ;
What a Father's smiles are thine ;
What a Saviour died to win thee :
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there

HYMNS.

265 OUR times are in Thy hand,
O God, we wish them there ;
Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 Our times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,—
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 Our times are in Thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus the crucified ;
The hand our many sins have pierc'd,
Is now our guard and guide.

5 Our times are in Thy hand,
We'll always trust in Thee,
'Till we have left this weary land,
And all Thy glory see.

266 THOUGH dark the day, shall I repine ?
All days, or bright or dark are Thine ;
And Thou, O Lord, canst joy impart,
And bind and heal a broken heart.

2 Amidst a multitude of ills,
Each one some kind design fulfils :
Shall I not trust a faithful God,
Shall I not kiss my Father's rod ?

HYMNS.

- 3 Yet cheer, O Lord, my darksome sky,
With some bright radiance from on high,
A ray from those ethereal plains,
Where everlasting sun-shine reigns.

267 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows!
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

- 3 O crucify this self, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
Bid all my vile affections die,
Nor let one hateful lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!

- 4 Lord, draw my heart from earth away,
And make it only know Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Strength, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

HYMNS.

- 268 **G**OD of my life, to Thee I call ;
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where, but with Thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer ;
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God
 Supports me under every load.
- 5 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

- 269 **T**HOUGH keen the blast, and high the
 wave,
 Shall God not hear ? will He not save ?
 O, too distrustful heart, be still ;
 Resign to His, thy patient will.
- 2 Mightier than winds and waves is He,
 Who steers thy bark through life's rough sea ;
 Be still, my too distrustful heart,
 Fulfil thy destin'd suff'ring part.

HYMNS.

- 3 The low'ring storm will soon be past,
And hush'd the biting bitter blast ;
And billows heaving now no more
Shall gently waft thee to the shore.

270 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismay'd, my spirit dies,
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

- 4 And, O ! when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died :
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMNS.

271 **W**HEN, O my Saviour, shall it be
That I no more shall break with Thee?
When shall the strife of passions cease,
When shall my soul enjoy Thy peace?

2 When, heavenly Lord, when shall I be,
A garden seal'd to all but Thee?
No more betray'd, no more undone,
But live and grow for Thee alone.

3 Oft I repent and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain;
Slain with the same unhappy dart
That pierced before my heedless heart.

4 O, that this dying life might haste
To languish into life at last;
And O for wings to make the shore
Where I shall live, and sin no more.

272 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love Thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

HYMNS.

- 4 O make this heart rejoice or ache !
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

DEATH.—HEAVEN.—ETERNITY.

273 **W**HEN the bell with solemn toll
Speaks a new departed soul,
Each should ask himself, " Am I
" (Mortal too) prepar'd to die ? "

2 Leaving all I love below,
Soon to God my soul must go ;
From the Judge must hear my doom,
Fixing my eternal home.

3 Could I bear to hear Him say,
" Hence, accursed far away,
" Banish'd from my face to dwell
" With accursed souls in hell ? "

4 Jesus, help me now to flee
Where I may be safe with Thee :
Thy renewing Spirit give :
Cleanse my soul, my sins forgive.

5 Sav'd from guilt, I need not fear
Though the tolling bell I hear :
Nor if soon it tolls for me
Should the thought alarming be.

6 Rather I might well rejoice,
Soon to hear my Saviour's voice ;
Soon to bid the world farewell
And with Jesus ever dwell.

HYMNS.

274 **G**REAT God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things :
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

2 Infinite joy, or endless woe
Attends on ev'ry breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death :

3 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road :
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

275 **F**ATHER, when Thy child is dying,
On the bed of anguish lying,
Then, my every want supplying,
To me Thy love display.

2 Ere my soul her bonds has broken,
Grant some bright and cheering token
That for me the words are spoken,
" Thy sins are wash'd away."

3 When, each well-known face concealing,
Death's dark shade o'er all is stealing,
Then, Thy gracious smile revealing,
Unfold eternal day.

4 When the lips are mute which blest me,
And withdrawn the hand that prest me,
Then let sweeter sounds arrest me,
Calling my soul away.

HYMNS.

- 5 When my soul, no path discovering,
O'er my lifeless form is hovering,
Then, with wings of mercy covering,
Be Thou Thyself my way!

276 **T**HOU' in the earth I lay my head,
Yet gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
Thy saints for ever with the dead,
Nor lose their bodies in the grave.

- 2 My flesh shall Thy first call obey,
Spring from the dust and mount on high;
While angels lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy Throne above the sky.

- 3 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discov'ries of Thy grace,
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

277 **I**T is the Lord,—beneath his hand
How soon our feeble strength decays;
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

- 2 Yet in the midst of death and pain,
This thought our sorrows should assuage,
That Jesus died and rose again,
And lives the same through ev'ry age.

- 3 Before his face his saints shall live,
And with Him on his Throne shall reign;
The dying world they shall survive,
And their dead dust be rais'd again.

HYMNS.

278 **I**N vain the fancy strives to paint
The moment after death ;
The glory that surrounds the saint,
When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
We scarce can utter, " Gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Its station near the Throne.

3 Thus much (and this is all) we know
He shall with Jesus rest :
Has done with sin, and tears, and woe,
And is completely blest.

279 "**W**E'VE no abiding city here :"
This may distress the worldling's
mind ;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "**W**e've no abiding city here :"
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
But (let the thought our spirits cheer)
We seek a city yet to come.

3 "**W**e've no abiding city here :"
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

HYMNS.

4 " We've no abiding city here :"
We seek a city out of sight ;
Zion's its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5 O sweet abode of peace and love.
Where pilgrims free from toil are blest !
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

280 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

.HYMNS.

281 JERUSALEM, my happy home;
Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,—
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

4 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

282 ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
For victory is his.

2 Behold! He leads the way!
We'll follow where He goes;
We cannot fail to win the day,
Since He subdues our foes.

3 We soon shall see the day
When toil and strife shall cease;
We then shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

HYMNS.

- 4 This hope supports us here,
It makes our burthens light ;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight :
- 5 Till, of the prize possess'd,
We hear of war no more,
And, O sweet thought ! for ever rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

283 CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod :
They are happy now ;—and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye ransom'd flock and blest !
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest :
There your seat is now prepar'd ;
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand
On the borders of your land :
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

HYMNS.

284 **W**HAT is life ? 'Tis but a vapour ;
 Soon it vanishes away :
 Life is like a dying taper ;
 O my soul ! why wish to stay ?
 Why not spread thy wings, and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy ?

2 See that glory ! how resplendent !
 Brighter far than fancy paints :
 There, in majesty transcendent,
 Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy !

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
 Sing with rapture of his love,
 Through the heavens his praises sounding,
 Filling all the courts above.
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy !

4 Go, and share his people's glory,
 Midst the ransom'd crowd appear :
 Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
 One that angels love to hear.
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy !

285 **H**EAV'N is our promis'd, purchas'd home,
 Where saints shall meet beyond the
 tomb :
 And, oh ! be this our constant care,
 That we may meet together there.

HYMNS.

- 2 There sin shall vex our souls no more;
No grief is there, nor want, nor sore;
But all in that bless'd place above
Is joy and health, and peace and love.

286. **W**HEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finish'd story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

- 2 When I stand before the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

- 3 When the praise of heav'n I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,—
Not till then,—how much I owe.

- 4 Chosen not for good in me,
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

HYMNS.

287 **F**ORTH to the land of promise bound,
Our desert path we tread :
God's fiery pillar for our guide ;
His Captain at our head.

2 Ev'n now we faintly glimpse the hills,
And catch their distant blue ;
And the bright city's glitt'ring spires
Rise dimly on our view.

3 Soon, when the desert shall be cross'd,
The flood of death pass'd o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And pray'r be lost in praise ;
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthem raise.

288 **T**HE goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd ;
A land of sacred liberty,
And happy, lasting rest.

2 There dwells the Lord, my King,
The Lord, my Righteousness ;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Lord, the Prince of Peace.

3 On Zion's lofty height
The kingdom He maintains ;
And glorious with his saints in light,
For ever, ever reigns.

HYMNS.

- 4 He calls a worm his friend,
He calls Himself my God;
Nor will He leave me in mine end,
But save me through his blood.

289 LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

- 3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee!
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMNS.

290 **L**ORD, may we feel no anxious care,
 Whether we die or live !
 'Tis ours to love and serve Thee here,
 And Thou the strength wilt give.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made us meet,
 Thy blessed face to see !
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What must Thy glory be !

3 Then we shall end our sad complaints,
 Our weary, sinful days ;
 And join with those triumphant saints
 Who sing Jehovah's praise.

4 Our knowledge of that life is small ;
 The eye of faith is dim ;
 But 'tis enough that Christ is all,
 And we shall be with Him.

291 **D**O we indeed believe
 There is a life to come,
 When all mankind shall meet at last,
 And hear their final doom ?

2 Is all eternal there ;
 The joy, the bitter woe :
 Shall bliss abound through endless years ;
 Shall tears for ever flow ?

3 Strengthen, O Lord, our faith,
 Quicken our hopes and fears :
 As though the last dread trumpet now
 Were sounding in our ears.

HYMNS.

- 4 And may the bright'ning hope
Shine full before our eyes,
That we shall summon'd be, to meet
A Saviour in the skies.

NEW YEAR.

292 NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known ;
O make us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name ;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free ;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.

4 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

5 And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

HYMNS.

293 **B**LESS, O Lord, the opening year,
To each soul assembled here ;
Clothe Thy Word with power divine,
Make us willing to be Thine.

2 Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep !
Teach the stony heart to weep ;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves and look on Thee.

3 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

4 Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from every tongue,
Let this whole assembly prove
All Thy power and all Thy love,

294 **O** GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God :
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

HYMNS.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

295 **L**O, another year is gone ;
Quickly have the seasons pass'd ;
This we enter now upon
Will to many prove the last.

2 Swiftly all our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of Thy grace,
Welcome then the call will be,
To depart and see Thy face.

4 Thanks for mercies past we give ;
Pardon of our sins renew :
Help us henceforth, Lord, to live,
With eternity in view.

HYMNS.

296 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of each revolving year;
How swift the months complete their
rounds,
How swiftly disappear.

2 Time, fleeting time, still hastens on
That all-important day,
When God, what heedless man has done,
In judgment will survey.

3 Waken, O Lord, my slumb'ring heart,
It's great concern to see ;
To choose the faithful, better part,
And give itself to Thee.

4 More grateful then the years shall roll,
If future years be giv'n ;
Or this shall bear my willing soul
To endless joys in heav'n.

297 **L**ORD ! by whose providence once more
We greet the op'ning year,
Fresh grace and mercy to implore,
Thy children now draw near !

2 We know not what this year may bring,
Or who its close shall see ;
Oh, grant us grace, Thou heavenly King,
To live or die to Thee !

3 If 'tis Thy will that joy and peace
Should crown our happy days,
Let love and gratitude increase ;
Give thankful hearts to *praise*.

HYMNS.

- 4 If grief or poverty assail,
Or lowly be our state,
Let not our faith or patience fail,
Give trusting hearts to *wait*.
- 5 And oh ! when sin, with subtle pow'r,
Would lure our souls astray,
Be Thou our help in danger's hour ;
Give watchful hearts to *pray*.
- 6 So, through Thy grace, th' op'ning year
Shall rich in blessings be,
And bring us, day by day, more near
To glory and to Thee.

FOR CHARITY SERMONS.

- 298 O THOU, whose care our footsteps guides,
Whose arm is all our stay,
Whose goodness for our want provides,
And wipes our tears away.
- 2 To Thee, O Lord, in all distress,
For help and peace we flee ;
O teach us rightly to express
Our gratitude to Thee.
- 3 To beds of pain, and scenes of woe,
Thy bounty we will bear ;
And sympathy and love bestow,
To soothe the sufferers there.
- 4 Freely to us Thy love imparts
The gifts we could not claim ;
Then, Lord, incline our thankful hearts
To own a brother's name.

.HYMNS.

299 **T**EACH us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in Thy perfect will,
Gladly each other's woes to bear,
And thus Thy law of love fulfil.

2 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As Thou hast bless'd our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A cheerful offering to the poor.

3 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live:
Freely we have received from Thee !
O may we now as freely give !

4 And while we thus obey Thy Word,
And every call of want relieve,
Still may we find it, gracious Lord !
More bless'd to give than to receive.

300 **S**HE lov'd her Saviour, and to Him
Her costliest offering brought;
To crown his head or grace his name
No gift too rare she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be ador'd,
And not the poor despised ;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all, to Christ.

HYMNS.

- 3 The poor are always with us here ;
'T is our great Father's plan
That mutual wants and mutual care
May bind us man to man.
- 4 Go, clothe the naked ; lead the blind ;
Give to the weary rest ;
For sorrow's children comfort find ;
And help for all distress'd.
- 5 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme ;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to Him.

301 **H**IGH on a throne of glory, Lord,
Thou dost exalted shine ;
On Thee, we nothing can bestow,
For al' the world is Thine.

- 2 But Thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of Thy grace ;
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.
- 3 In them Thou may'st be clothed,
In them Thy wants reliev'd ;
For in their accents of distress
Thy voice is now perceiv'd.
- 4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at Thy feet we lay ;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

HYMNS.

302 FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

2 O may our sympathising breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
When thron'd above the skies;
And when He saw their lost estate,
Felt his compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And shed his own most precious blood,
A balm for ev'ry wound.

MISCELLANEOUS.

303 ALL that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own:
All that I *am* I owe to Thee,
My gracious God alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

HYMNS.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage,—all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty,—is Thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe;
Then in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

5 All that I am e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

304 **A**ND dost Thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of Thy image let me bear;
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from Thy joy to draw my strength;
To have Thy boundless love reveal'd,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to Thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well if Thou art mine.

HYMNS.

- 305 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart ;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a weaned child,—
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;—
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus, preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.
- 306 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me :
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

HYMNS.

- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart:
His name and love and pard'ning voice
Have fix'd my roving heart.

307 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far,—
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

- 2 Here, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace and joy and love
She communes with her God!
- 3 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light Divine,
And,—all harmonious names in one,—
My Saviour, Thou art mine!
- 4 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love!—
A boundless, endless store,—
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more!

HYMNS.

308 **B**RETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ the Lord, our Righteousness;
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven!

2 Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

3 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation, by Thee wrought;
Wrought to set Thy people free;
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.

4 May we follow, and adore,
Thee, our Saviour, more and more!
Guide and bless us with Thy love,
Till we join Thy saints above!

309 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HYMNS.

- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.
- 4 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

310 NOT unto us, but Thee, O Lord,
Be praise and glory given,
For every gracious thought and word,
Which brings us nearer heaven.

- 2 Thy saints are in Thy faithful hand,
Secure beneath Thine eye;
And safe, at last, they all shall stand,
Before Thy throne on high.
- 3 Redeem'd from sin, and sav'd by grace,
Thy glory they shall see;
And eye to eye, and face to face,
For ever dwell with Thee.
- 4 Oh hasten, Lord, the glorious day;
Call all Thy children home;
Teach us, with humble hope, to say
Lord Jesus, quickly come!

HYMNS.

311 **O**H for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from guilt set free,—
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me ;—

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone ;—

3 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with love divine,
 Perfect and right, and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine !

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of Love !

312 **A**RISE, my soul, arise ;
 Shake off Thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands ;
 My name is written on his hands.

2 My God is reconcil'd,
 His pardoning voice I hear,
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And, Father, Abba, Father, cry.

HYMNS.

313 **B**EHOLD in Christ the greatest gift
Of everlasting love ;
The pledge of perfect peace below,
And perfect bliss above !

2 Who,—where is he that shall condemn,
Since God has justified ?
Who,—who shall charge with guilt or crime
Him, for whom Jesus died ?

3 He died for us, and rose again,
Triumphant o'er the grave ;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Almighty still to save.

314 **L**ORD Jesus, we are one with Thee ;
O height, O depth of love !
With Thee we died upon the tree ;
In Thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heav'n come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,—
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Were borne on earth by Thee ;
The woe, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

HYMNS.

315 **THOU**, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up, and lying down;
 My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
 Known long before conceived by me.

2 Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find Thy hand;
 O skill, for human reach too high,
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

3 [If I the morning's wings could gain,
 And fly beyond the western main,
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest the fugitive.

4 Or should I try to shun Thy sight,
 Beneath the sable wings of night,
 One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.]

5 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
 If mischief lurks in any part;
 Correct me, while I go astray,
 And guide me in the perfect way.

316 **MY** God, I love Thee, and adore,
 But soul that love would love Thee more;
 Thine hand unseen sustains the poles,
 On which the whole creation rolls.

HYMNS.

2 The starry arch proclaims Thy power,
Thy pencil glows in ev'ry flower;
While birds with all their warbling throats
Praise Thee in varied tuneful notes.

3 On sea, on land, in earth, or sky,
No spot is found so deep, so high;
Where the Creator has not trod,
Nor traces left of God, my God.

317 **W**HO is as the Christian GREAT?
Bought and washed with sacred blood;
Crowns He sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft and walks with God.

2 Who is as the Christian WISE?
He for gold his dross hath given,
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly bartered earth for heaven.

3 Who is as the Christian BLEST?
Praises well his lips employ;
His the calm within the breast,
Earnest of his promised joy.

4 Lo, he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on Jesu's breast his head,
Feasts for ever on his love.

5 Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings,
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.

HYMNS.

318 **W**HILE in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.

2 The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away:
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.

3 Then shall his saints all meet again,—
For so his word of promise says,—
With Him for ever to remain,
And sing his everlasting praise.

319 **B**LEST be the sacred Christian love,
Uniting, though we part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we move;
Still in his footsteps may we tread,
United still in love.

3 Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place,
Nor life nor death can part
The souls that know the Saviour's grace;
They still are one in heart.

4 Soon shall our eyes each other greet,
On the celestial plain;
When all the friends of Jesus meet,
Never to part again.

320 **M**AY He, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above,
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love !

2 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians see each other thus ;
 We only wish to speak of Him,
 Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.

3 We'll talk of all He did, and said,
 And suffer'd for us here below,
 The path He marked for us to tread,
 And what He's doing for us now.

4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet, to part no more.

321 **C**HRISt is the soul's substantial good,
 The spring to heal, the source to bless :
 Christ to the famish'd soul is food,
 And to the guilty righteousness.

2 Christ is the goal, which faith pursues,
 Christ is the rest, which faith enjoys :
 His is the power which sin subdues,
 And his the might which death destroys.

3 Christ is the substance of the Word,
 Our rock, high tower, and shelt'ring wall ;
 Our prophet, priest, and king, and Lord.
 Redeemer, shepherd, glory, all.

HYMNS.

322 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brighter days;
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou, my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
When Jesus shows me He is mine,
And whispers I am his.

323 GOOD is the Lord, our heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care:
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring
And bids the grain appear.

2 Good is the Lord, whose lib'ral hand
Is daily open'd wide,
To scatter plenty through the land,
That all may be supplied.

3 Good is the Lord, the love his own,
With which this earth is fill'd;
His clouds above drop fatness down;
He whitens ev'ry field.

4 Good is the Lord, his love should raise
A joyful harvest song:
Say, "He is good," and let his praise
Be heard from ev'ry tongue.

HYMNS.

5 Good is the Lord, he gives us bread ;
He gives his people more :
By Him their souls with grace are fed,
A boundless, richer store.

324 **C**OME, ye who know and fear the LORD,
And lift your souls above ;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that " God is love ! "

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
Jesus, the Gift of gifts, appears,
To show that " God is love. "

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from Him rove !
Till mighty grace their heart subdues,
To teach them " God is love. "

4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above,
And every step, from first to last,
Declares that " God is love. "

5 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that " God is love. "

HYMNS.

- 325 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of ceaseless praise:
- 2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
- 4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love!
Here 's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above!

- 326 HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence:
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
- 2 The storm is laid, the winds retire
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 3 From all my griefs, from all my fears,
Thy mercy sets me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r,
My soul takes hold on Thee.

HYMNS.

- 4 In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
I'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
I'll humbly hope for more.

- 5 My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death itself, if death is near,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

327 LORD, Thou dost call Thy wand'ring
sheep,
And I have gone astray ;
Henceforth, my Shepherd, safely keep
And guide me in Thy way.

- 2 Thou, Jesus, Thou alone canst give
The sinner sure relief :
Thy gentle voice which bids me live,
Shall ease me of my grief.

- 3 Those falsely call'd the sweets of sin
Most bitter are to me :
I loathe the state I once was in,
And long to live to thee.

- 4 The world and sin will trouble me,
And Satan will molest ;
But I would trust my soul with Thee ;
O bring that soul to rest.

HYMNS.

- 328** **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Surety, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 329** **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
To yonder realms of light ;
And see the saints above the skies
In endless glory bright.
- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
And wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts and fears.

HYMNS.

- 3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspir'd their breast,
And, following their incarnate God,
They reach'd the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern giv'n;
While the bright cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heav'n.
- 330 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold the Gospel feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, JESUS stands with open arms,
He calls, He bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there still is room:
- 3 Room in the Saviour's gracious heart;
There love and pity meet:
Nor will He bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In Him the Father reconciled
Invites your soul to come;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

HYMNS.

331 **L**ORD, bid Thy light arise
 On all Thy people here ;
 And when we raise our longing eyes,
 O may we find Thee near !

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
 To quicken every soul,—
 To make the most rebellious bend
 To Thy Divine control.

3 Stir up the blind and dead
 With Thine awakening grace ;
 Teach wandering sinners how to tread
 Thy paths, and seek Thy face.

4 Let all that own Thy name
 Thy sacred image bear ;
 And light in every heart the flame
 Of watchfulness and prayer.

5 Since in Thy love we see
 Our only sure relief,
 O raise our earthly minds to Thee,
 And help our unbelief !

332 **H**OLY Jesus, Saviour blest,
 As, by passions strong possess't,
 Through this world of sin we stray,
 Thou to guide us art **THE WAY**.

2 Holy Jesus, when, like night,
 Error blinds our cloudy sight,
 Then, the cheering day to throw
 Round our path, **THE TRUTH** art Thou.

HYMNS.

- 3 Holy Jesus, when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art THE LIFE.
- 4 Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come,
Who the Father's presence see,
Jesus, he must come by Thee.
- 5 Channel of the Father's grace,
Image of the Father's face,
Saviour blest, Incarnate Son,
With the Father Thou art one.

333 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress !
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath liv'd—hath died for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day :
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
While, through Thy blood, absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, and guilt and shame ?
- 4 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice !
Bid, Lord, Thy banish'd ones rejoice !
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

HYMNS.

334 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power !

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy Law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone !

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Guilty, plead Thy righteousness ;
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

335 **J**ESUS, refuge of my soul,
To Thy shelt'ring arms I fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high :

HYMNS.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing !

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
All in all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind !
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within !
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart ;
Rise to all eternity !

336 **W**HAT sinners value I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
 When shall I wake and find me there ?

3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God,
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

337 **S**EE the leaves around us falling
 Dry and wither'd to the ground :
 With a voice to mortals calling
 In their rustling, solemn sound :
 " Sons of Adam, your first father,
 Who in Eden blighted fell ;
 Listen, and instruction gather,
 Profit by the truths we tell :

2 " If on length of days presuming,
 Think how soon our course has fled :
 We were lately fresh and blooming ;
 Now are wither'd, dry, and dead :

HYMNS.

Your short course, like ours, is flying,
Youth's gay *spring*, how soon 'tis past:
Summer next, in *autumn* dying;
Then your *winter* comes at last.

- 3 " Cease presumptuous hopes to cherish,
Prize the seasons as they fly;
Like the leaves, you rise and flourish,
As the leaves, must droop and die:
But to those in Jesus planted,
By a true and living faith,
Shall unfading *spring* be granted,
" And a triumph over *death*."

338 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy " Little flock " in safety keep,—
The flock for which Thou cam'st from heaven,
The flock for which Thy life was given!

- 2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee,
Secure, as if from danger free;
Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,
And bring them to a wealthy place.
- 3 O may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice!
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee!
- 4 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete;
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above!

HYMNS.

339 **L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee ;
 Yet possessing
 Every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
 All our weakness Thou dost know.
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
 Heavenward as our steps are tending,
 Pleasures give that never cloy :
 Thus provided,
 Pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

340 **T**HERE is a safe and secret place,
 Beneath the wings divine,
 Reserv'd for all the heirs of grace ;—
 O be that refuge mine !

2 The feeblest saint may there abide
 Uninjur'd and unaw'd ;
 While thousands fall on every side,
 He rests secure in God.

HYMNS.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine :
O child of God ! O Glory's heir !
How rich a lot is thine ;—

4 A hand Almighty to defend,
An ear for every call ;
An honour'd life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all !

341 **T**HY loving-kindness, O my Lord,
Can more than life itself afford,
My hands to Thee I'll raise ;
Long as I live, my best employ,
My soul's delight, my heart-felt joy,
Shall be Thy name to praise.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
My joyful soul exulting sings,
Rejoicing in my God :
Thy own right hand shall guide my way,
To follow Thee to endless day,
To view Thy blest abode.

3 Glorious on high Messiah reigns,
Exalted o'er the heavenly plains ;
His enemies shall fall ;
His saints, who serv'd with holy fear,
With Him in glory shall appear,
And crown Him Lord of all.

HYMNS.

- 342 ONE there is above all others,
 Oh how He loves!
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Oh how He loves!
 Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
 But this Friend can ne'er deceive us,
 Oh how He loves!
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
 Oh how He loves!
 Think! O think! how much we owe Him,
 Oh how He loves!
 With His precious blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 Safely to His fold He brought us,
 Oh how He loves!
- 3 Love this Friend—He died to save us,
 Oh how He loves!
 Trust his love, He'll never leave us,
 Oh how He loves!
 Think not sadly of to-morrow,
 Take his easy yoke and follow,
 Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
 Oh how He loves!
- 4 Through his name we are forgiven,
 Oh how He loves!
 Backward shall our foes be driven,
 Oh how He loves!
 Best of blessings He'll provide us,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
 Safe to glory He will guide us,
 Oh how He loves!

343 **T**HEE, Jehovah, Thee adoring,
 Prostrate at Thy throne we bend,
 Humbly there Thy grace imploring,
 Waiting till Thy grace descend.
 Thou art our Almighty Saviour,
 Let Thine arm be still reveal'd;
 Cast around Thy special favour,
 Spread Thine everlasting shield!

2 In Thy love our heart rejoices,
 While Thy promises we claim;
 Thee we praise with cheerful voices,
 Trusting in Thy holy name.
 Lord, Thy mercy, without measure,
 Fills Thy covenant of grace;
 Grant to us that heavenly treasure,
 For on Thee our hopes we place!

344 **A**SHAM'D of Jesus! can it be?
 A mortal man asham'd of Thee!
 Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor:
 O may I scorn it more and more!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! of that friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
 When I've no sins to wash away,
 No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
 And no immortal soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
 Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
 And, O! may this my portion be,
 That Saviour not asham'd of me!

HYMNS.

- 345 **WE** love Thee, Lord,—yet not alone
because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
on ocean and on land ;
We praise Thee, gracious Lord, for these,
yet not for these alone
The incense of Thy children's love arises to
Thy throne.
- 2 We love Thee, Lord, because, when we
had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls into
the heavenward way ;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in
sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray of Thy
benignant light.
- 3 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us with
everlasting love,
And sentest forth Thy Son to die that we
might live above ;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven ;
We love because we much have sinned,
and much have been forgiven.
- 346 **SWEET** the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend :
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood :
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

HYMNS.

- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie,
 While I see Divine compassion,
 Beaming from his pitying eye :
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze :
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
 All I have is from his grace !
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 Gazing here I'd spend my breath ;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,
 Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
 Till I taste Thy whole salvation,
 Till Thy face unveil'd I see.
- 347 **O**FT in danger, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christians, onward go ;
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
 Join the war and face the foe :
 Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
 Know ye not your Captain's power ?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad,
 March, in heavenly armour clad ;
 Fight, nor think the battle long ;
 Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 4 Onward then in battle move ;
 More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go !

HYMNS.

348 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

3 Then shall I share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

349 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave :
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can yet restore my peace :
And He who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er :
I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

HYMNS.

- 4 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God !

350 SON of Man, to Thee we cry ;
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,—
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee we cry ;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,—
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

- 3 Prince of Life, to Thee we cry ;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power to help and save,—
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

- 4 Lord of Glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love our bosom fill ;
Help us to perform Thy will ;
Then Thy glory we shall see,
Thou wilt bring us home to Thee.

HYMNS.

351 **H**ARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word!
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
 “ Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me ?

2 “ I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when wounded, heal’d thy wound;
 Sought thee wand’ring, set thee right,
 Turn’d thy darkness into light.

3 “ Can a woman’s tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.

4 “ Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath;
 Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 “ Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of my throne shalt be,—
 Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me ? ”

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love Thee, and adore;
 O for grace to love Thee more.

352 **Y**E servants of God, your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad his wonderful name;
 The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
 His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

HYMNS.

- 2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumphs shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Then let us adore, and give Him his right,
All honour, and pow'r, and wisdom, and
might;
All glory and blessing, with angels above,
And praise, never-ceasing, and infinite love!

353 ACCORDING to Thy gracious Word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I *will* remember Thee.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heav'n shall be;
Thy testamental cup I'll take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When on the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!
I must remember Thee!
- 5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,
Will I remember Thee.

HYMNS.

- 354 COME ye who love the Lord,
And feel his quickening pow'r,
Unite with one accord
His goodness to adore :
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious name.
- 2 He left his throne above,
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died ;
The pangs He bore what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell ?
- 3 He burst the grave ; He rose
Victorious from the dead ;
And thence his vanquish'd foes
In glorious triumph led :
Up through the heavens the Conqueror rode,
Triumphant to the throne of God.
- 4 He soon again will come,
His chariot will not stay,
To take his children home
To realms of endless day :
We there shall see Him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

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